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# VORRILIA

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WOMEN





*Litterae Oblectamen Remaneat In Aeternum*

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# The Ladder of Jacob

CAROL HADEK '56

One of the most authentic sources of information concerning the angelic life, power and character is Christian worship. Here angels are depicted, as they are in Sacred Scripture, as messengers, worshippers, and even comforters of God. They are subject to no temptation and have the power to overwhelm evil by their mere presence. Turning to the liturgy we find numerous instances in which angels are mentioned.

In the Mass, the focal point of Christian worship, the angels play a great role. During the Mass the angels incessantly sing their joyful hymn of praise before the throne of God, while we, humbly acknowledging our unworthiness, seek to unite our praises with their song. Michael is one of those to whom we confess our sins at the beginning of the Mass. At solemn Mass, when incense is burned over the offerings on the altar, it is Michael whose intercession is called forth to give an additional odor of sweetness to the burning perfumes. At every Preface in the year we unite in communion with the angels in singing the praises of God. One of the most glorious and mystical prayers of the Canon of the Mass introduces an angel who has remained nameless during all the centuries that this prayer has been said:

"We most humbly beseech thee, Almighty God, to command that these our offerings be borne by the hands of thy holy angel to thine altar on high, in the sight of thy Divine Majesty, that so many of us at this altar shall partake of and receive the most holy body and blood of thy Son may be filled with every heavenly blessing and grace."

No one knows who this unknown angel is supposed to be. Some think it is St. Michael; others say it might be the priest's guardian angel.

Angels' notes are heard but their pres-

ence is barely revealed. Nothing is more beautiful than the joining of the angels with our sacrifice. All during our Lord's life on earth, angels were never far distant from Him. Recall Gabriel at the Annunciation, the celestial choirs at Bethlehem, and the comforting angel in the Garden of Gethsemane. After Mass one of the obligatory prayers is dedicated to St. Michael, the Archangel, the protector of the church and leader of the heavenly armies. Michael is one of the three angels named in Sacred Scripture, the other two being Gabriel and Raphael. There are two feasts in the liturgical year dedicated to St. Michael. On May 8 we celebrate the Apparition of St. Michael who appeared in a vision to the Bishop of Siponto, Italy and instructed him to build a church in his (Michael's) honor. The Dedication of St. Michael the Archangel has been celebrated on September 29 since the fifth century and coincides with the dedication of several important churches in his honor. St. Raphael the Archangel is traditionally regarded as the protector and guardian of the sick. This dates back to the Book of Tobias in the Old Testament where one reads of his ministry to Tobias on his journey, his healing of Tobias and the delivery of Sara, his son's wife, from the devil. This feast is celebrated on October 24.

The feast of St. Gabriel the Archangel occurs on March 24. It was he who announced to the Virgin Mary that she was to be the Mother of God. Gabriel also appeared to Daniel, the prophet, in a vision in the Old Testament. The feast of the Holy Guardian Angels was established by Pope Clement X in 1670 and appointed to be kept throughout the Church on the first free day after the feast of St. Michael. Later Pope Leo XIII raised it to the rank of a double major and it is now celebrated on October 2. These feasts of the angels serve to point up the fact that the existence of angels is, and always has been, a

definite reality to the Christian mind.

During the administration of the Sacraments, angels are called upon to intercede for us, protect us, and witness what we say. In the rite of Extreme Unction, for instance, the angels of peace are invoked to rid the house of demons and hateful dissension. In addition, it has always been traditional to picture an angel as standing near the death bed waiting to lead the dying into the heavenly city, Jerusalem. During the administering of Holy Viaticum, angels are called upon to watch over, cherish, and protect all who are in the house of the sick.

The great blessings of the Church, an extension of her sacramental power, are rich in the use of angelic intervention. St. Raphael, who acted as companion to Tobias on his journey from Syria to Media, is called upon to protect emigrants. The assistance of angels is enjoined in exorcising water of evil spirits. Angels are asked to protect homes, schools and automobiles to name just a few things. Their protection can be invoked for a woman before childbirth and they are asked to lead the departed into the bosom of Abraham.

The intercession of the angelic power is constantly invoked in the prayers of the Church. In preparing this article, I recalled that simple prayer which we, as children, recited to our guardian

angels and which we, as adults, would do well to repeat:

Angel of God, my guardian dear,  
To whom God's love commits me  
here,  
Ever this day be at my side,  
To light and guard, to rule and  
guide.

There are many such prayers in the liturgy, to angels in general, to Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, the guardian angels and even one to the unnamed angel who strengthened Jesus in the Garden of Olives.

We can probably increase our devotion to the angels if we just keep them in mind during the Mass and other liturgical acts. An awareness of their existence and nature can help us to get some idea of the gap between ourselves and God. For, like the angels on Jacob's ladder there is a hierarchy of angels, the most perfect of which in no way approaches the perfection of God. The angels are steadfast in their complete devotion to God and rejoice in contemplating Him; how different from we who cannot know all things intuitively. In the words of Francis Thompson:

"The angels keep their ancient places  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,  
That miss the many-splendored  
thing!"

## SATAN

BEATRICE BASILI, '58

*Great flashes of fire,  
Heat all consuming,  
Laughter shrilled  
On wooden reeds;  
Hate, fear, surround him  
Once the well beloved  
Of the King he now rejects.  
Down, down he slips  
Into his chasm of flame  
Where waits for him, his  
Black kingdom of despair.*

# Manny 'n Mike

EMILIA LONGOBARDO, '59

The jangling of keys always made me nervous, especially these keys that the guard kept twisting round his wrist. As I followed this lanky guard down the narrow rows of cells, I thought for the hundredth time what I could say to my client, Manny Russo. You just couldn't say goodbye — Sorry you're going to die tonight — because I couldn't get you a new trial — although I know you're innocent and probably wouldn't have to die if we could turn up that witness. You couldn't even say keep hoping and the reason you couldn't say that was because Manny already was hoping. He hadn't stopped hoping since the trial began.

Now the guard was twisting one of the keys in the lock and now the big jaw of the cell was opening and I was face to face with Manny.

He smiled at me. A few hours before he was going to get the chair and still he could smile. And when he did, the big cheeks turned into polished apples. And the black marbles that were his eyes seemed to come out from behind their fleshy hiding place to greet me.

Before I could even say hello, Manny sat me beside him on the bunk. He started telling me that Rosie (that's his wife) had just been in to see him and she told him Louie (that's their son) had won first prize in the art contest they had in the third grade in parochial school.

"He's okay, eh Joe!" and Manny tugged at the sleeve of my coat. "First prize, Joe. Not a second or third like I useta get. He's gonna be some artist, eh Joe?"

I said yes I thought he would. And then I started to think how I should tell him that we couldn't get the governor to say yes to the appeal that the execution be postponed.

"Manny," I said instead, "I'm afraid we haven't found that missing witness yet. But we're so close Manny, so close. We finally found someone who knows someone who can lead us to the guy that can provide your alibi. Tomorrow Manny, tomorrow we'll have him for sure."

And suddenly I realized what I was saying and my eyes dropped to the concrete floor and wouldn't look at Manny. I was telling him that we'd find the witness who would get us a new trial, who could tell the world where Manny was that night that someone who looked just like Manny killed that bookie. That we'd find him tomorrow when Manny wouldn't be around any more.

And then I heard Manny's small voice say, "'At's okay, Joe. If tomorrow's when you're gonna find him, then Mike'll make sure I stick around till tomorrow."

I looked at Manny with what must have been a blank expression because he asked: "Don't you remember Mike? What I told you 'bout him at the trial?"

Mike . . . Mike . . . of course!

"You mean that . . . that angel person you told me that always gets you out of jams?"

"Sure Joe, 'at's him. Only his Christian name's Saint Michael the Archangel, or so the nun in my kid's school told him once, but he don't mind if I call him Mike.

"So anyhow Joe, last night I saw Mike."

I gave Manny an incredulous look and he added quickly: "It was just a dream Joe but I swear he was there, big as life 'n he was talkin' to me. You see I was lyin' awake thinkin' how I'm gonna die tonight and Mike hadn't done nothin' to stop it 'n maybe he wasn't gonna do nothin' after all. An' right after I thought it, I knew I'd hurt Mike, 'cause after all, he helped me go straight after I pulled that candy store job when I was a kid.

"You see, the father at reform school gave me a picture of Mike an' told me how he was gonna weigh the souls when we die 'n everything. So Mike 'n me have been pals since then."

At that point Manny stopped his story because the lanky guard stood outside and asked Manny if there was anything he wanted.

"I want a big white cardboard," and



Manny spread out his hands to show what he meant by big. "And I want some nice pointy pencils, an' a jar of paint. Gold paint."

The guard pushed back his cap and scratched his head and looked at Manny a long time. Then he turned and went away shaking his head. And I shook mine too because I just couldn't picture those stubby fingers holding a paint-brush.

"You're going to draw a picture now?" I asked Manny.

"Sure Joe," he said, like it was the most natural thing in the world, "Mike looked so pretty last night. I wanta show you him."

"Oh," I said meekly.

"So anyhow," said Manny, "like I was tellin' you, Mike's shiny white wings were all folded up 'n he was cryin'. Now I knew I'd hurt him but I didn't think he'd take it that bad. So I told Mike I was sorry I thought he wouldn't help me and I'd never think it again if only he'd stop cryin'. But he wouldn't stop. And then I knew he wasn't crying about that. You know how you just know things in dreams without no one sayin' nothing. Anyhow, I looked closer and I saw that Mike was holding some scales, you know, like the kind they use to weigh candy in the five 'n ten. And there was a bunch of gold stars piled up on both sides. An' Joe, they were the goldest gold I ever seen. That's why I need the gold paint."

"Anyhow, I saw that the scale was crooked sorta. What I mean is one side was way up and the other side was way down. I knew Mike was cryin' about that. So I reached up an' knocked one of the stars off the scale an' then the scale got all straight. An' Mike stopped cryin'."

"Really Manny," I said trying to get him to stop torturing himself with vain hopes. "It was only a dream. Why don't you forget about it."

"But wait Joe," and his hand waved in front of me excitedly. "I ain't finished yet. After the gold star fell Joe, I woke up, 'n I swear to you Joe, right there on the floor," and he pointed to a spot beside the bunk, "was that star — the goldest star I ever seen. An' I wanted

to touch it but then I looked at my hands and I knew I couldn't. Not that star. And then Joe I must've fell asleep again cause when I woke up the star wasn't there no more."

I looked long and hard at Manny. The black marbles looked larger than I'd ever seen them look and they were dancing all over the place. His short crop of curly black hair looked like it was standing up straight. The way he looked, I just hadn't the heart to tell him that his supposed waking up was only part of the dream.

This time when I heard the jangling of keys, I felt relieved instead of nervous. Because had I stayed there any longer I'm afraid I would have told Manny that I didn't believe in his Mike. So I was almost glad when the guard signaled me that it was time to go. I saw that he was carrying the pencils and gold paint in one hand and had the white cardboard tucked under his arm. Peeking over his shoulder was the prison barber, ready to give Manny his last haircut.

I looked at Manny and Manny looked at me.

And then the corners of Manny's mouth dropped and I thought that he was finally beginning to realize that he was going to die tonight because I hadn't been able to do anything for him.

"Joe, you can't go," he shouted, and I could feel my eyes mist when I heard the anguish in his voice.

"Joe," he said, "now you won't be able to see my picture of Mike I was painting it just for you."

I let out one gasp. What could I say to that?

Manny said it for me. "Don't worry though," he assured me, "you can come 'n see it tomorrow mornin'."

I nodded weakly, forced a smile and wheeled around to follow the guard. Surely one of us must be nuts, Manny or me. Maybe it was all a mistake. Maybe this wasn't Murderer's Row and maybe Manny wasn't to die after all. Maybe I wasn't Manny's lawyer. Maybe Manny didn't even exist!

The long row of cells assured me that I wasn't nuts, and this was Murderer's Row. I pulled out a cigarette and I had

trouble lighting it because I couldn't hold the match steady. And to think that I had to watch Manny die tonight. And at his own request, no less. He had insisted that I be there.

I sat down in the waiting room. After a little while, a tall man with grey hair and a sallow complexion passed by and nodded to me. I recognized him as one of the prison chaplains. I guessed that he was the Catholic one although I always had trouble getting them straight. I knew he was going in to talk to Manny.

I sat there for a long time, lighting one cigarette after another, my hand growing less and less steady as the hours went by. The execution was at midnight. At ten o'clock, I saw the chaplain again. I stood up and went over to him.

"May I speak to you a minute?" I asked.

"Of course," he said in a deep voice and followed me over to one of the benches.

"My name is Joseph Carter," I said. "I'm Manny's lawyer."

"I'm Father Shea," the man said.

"Father," I said. "I'm worried about Manny. Did he act . . . well, kind of strange with you?" And before he could answer I added, "You see, I'm afraid that when the switch goes off tonight, Manny's going to get the surprise of his life, because up to this moment, he doesn't realize he's going to die tonight."

"Well, he did say that it wasn't as if he didn't want to die and see Mike and all that, it was just that Rosie and Louie needed him," the chaplain told me.

"And that's another thing," I said. "that crazy stuff about Mike, and that dream and the scales."

Father Shea smiled. "There's nothing really unusual in the dream, Mr. Carter. You see, Michael is often pictured as carrying a pair of scales on which he will weigh our souls."

I wanted to say — your soul Father, not mine — but thought better of it.

"It's very likely," the man continued. "that Manny once saw such a picture and that now, at a time of crisis, the image reappeared in a dream."

"And you know," he said and his eyes lit up just like Manny's had and the com-

plexion didn't look quite so sallow. "Manny had just finished painting a picture of "Mike" as he saw him and he held it up in front of me and said, "Father, aren't those stars the golddest gold you ever seen!" And really, they were.

Not him too. I thought in despair.

I thanked Father Shea for the enlightening information and sat down again and stared at the walls. A big clock stared back at me. At ten minutes to eleven I remembered something about having to go to a briefing on how to conduct oneself in the chamber during the execution. I got up and went to the room where it was being held. It looked like a college lecture room and the Warden, a red faced, corpulent man with a high pitched voice, sat at the desk. There were about ten other people there. I noticed that there were only a few reporters. Manny Russo wasn't very good copy. I sat through it all in a daze. All I caught was something about their not being able to give you any attention if you passed out. I supposed it would be easier to faint than to have to watch it.

At ten minutes to twelve the Warden led us into the Death House. There was also a doctor with us and some extra guards. There was nothing in the Death House, no furniture, nothing. Except the chair. And there was the door through which Manny would walk.

At three minutes to twelve Manny came in. He walked to the chair as if he were going to visit a friend. Father Shea who had been walking behind him left him at the chair and then fell back to take his place with the observers.

I watched Manny's stocky figure become part of the chair. He placed the muscular arms on the sides to be strapped down. Just before the guard slipped the black hood over his shaven head, I saw his lips move slightly and I knew to whom he was talking.

Nobody made a sound. Now the hood was on. Nobody moved. Everything was ready. We waited some more. How long did they make a man sit there? I closed my eyes. And then I heard a noise and I opened them. It was people's voices I heard. I supposed it was all over.

But when I looked at Manny and he

... he was moving . . . almost. And then everything happened at once. The guards shoved us all out of the room. The prison electricians were crowding around the Warden but none of them could seem to get out the words to explain what had happened. None of them really knew. The reporters were tripping over their own feet trying to get to the nearest phone. And I just stood

there, not fully realizing what had happened.

And then I felt something hard under my foot. It was strange that in all that confusion I should notice something like that. But I did. And I looked down. And stared at it for a long time.

I could swear it was a star. And it was the golddest gold I'd ever seen.

## Message for a Maiden

PAT HENRY, '59

*From the White Light  
issues forth a spark,  
a tidings  
to be borne out from eternity to time.  
And down the indigo of evening  
the bearer of the light  
glides,  
feather-like,  
loving, caressing it.  
With it he sears a soul,  
envelopes it in loving.  
And it reciprocates,  
white, glowing,  
flinging out a spark  
like to the one received;  
whisper-tiny,  
all-consuming great,  
borne up on angel's breath:  
fiat!*

## "The Angel of the Lord Declared Unto Mary . . ."

JOAN SCHNEIDER, '59

"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee . . ." With these words, the Angel Gabriel asked Mary if she would consent to be the mother of God. It was very long ago and every young girl desired to have these words spoken to her. Many were beautiful, but many were also vain and worldly. There was, among these thorns, an immaculate rose. Never was a girl more beautiful than she yet, never was a girl more humble. She knew she was beautiful, everyone did, but in her heart she always turned to God, to Him who made her so lovely. Her name? . . . Mary. She prayed to be His nurse, to work over Him and share in His love. When God chose Mary He gave His Son a perfect woman.

When Mary answered the angel she knew what her task entailed. She realized its moments of complete happiness and also of almost utter despair. Gabriel's happiness at Mary's answer is shown to all the world when each day we bring back once again the story of a visit . . . a visit from a heavenly spirit to a young girl.

Saying the "Hail Mary" brings honor to the Blessed Mother of God; it also brings joy to Gabriel. It shows that we remember and appreciate a beautiful task fulfilled by God's angel.

# Spirits: A Common Tradition

JOAN COSTA, '57

The stories of Gabriel speaking gently to Mary of Nazareth, of the majestic choir that broke the expectant stillness over Bethlehem, of the awesome white-robed figure at the tomb, are as familiar to us today as if they had happened during our lifetime. Angels, who hold such a prominent position in our Christian culture have been esteemed by people of such widely varying cultures as Zoroastrianism, Judaism and Mohammedanism.

The religion taught by Zoroaster in early Persia and still surviving today, is characterized by belief in the dualistic principle of good and evil. The personification of the powers of good is Ormuzd who fights against Ahriman, the personification of the powers of evil. Aligned with each of these powers is an array of warrior angels with all the skill and persistency of modern armies. The angels and archangels who fight on the side of good are called Amesha Spentas — The Immortal Holy Ones. Similar to the Christian idea of the different ranks of angels is the Zoroastrian concept of six archangels who personify the fundamental virtues and variously ranking angels who personify the planets, fire, air, water and the spirits of the righteous.

The tradition and the literature of the Jews attest to the important place of the angels as intermediaries between God and man. In Judaism there is also the clear conception of angels as created spirits possessing no bodies. The good angels are messengers of the All-High; they constitute His court and are benefactors of mankind and have had a very close association with the Jewish people. Angels spoke to Abraham and ate with him; they went to Israel as guides and protectors from Egypt and through the desert.

Among the best sources for the Jewish idea of angels are the Jewish apocrypha. The book of Daniel first attests the prominence which angels had taken in the belief of the Jews. Here the names of Gabriel and Michael appear as friends

and defenders of true believers. Gabriel is the chief messenger of God and Michael chief in the defense of Israel against its enemies. Thousands of these good spirits surround the throne of Yahweh.

However, in the heavenly hosts there are some who are hostile to Israel. When Gabriel is sent to comfort Daniel by a revelation, he is confronted by the guardian angel of the Persian kingdom and is detained by him for three weeks. The idea of the guardian angel is strong in Jewish tradition. There is a poem now incorporated in the book of Deuteronomy which asserts that Yahweh, Himself, apportioned the nations to the angels and kept Israel for Himself.

The book of Jubilees gives us the Jewish thought on the creation of the angelic ministers. They were created on the first day of the creative week, and were placed in charge of the planets, rains, winds, and storms. In the book of Enoch they appear in battle on the side of the Jews and teach Enoch astronomy and the art of writing.

The corruption of man is actively sought by the evil angels. There are twenty leaders named and the chief is identified with Azazel, the desert demon who plays a part in the ritual of the day of atonement. It was these wicked angels who showed men how to make weapons of destruction and taught women how to use cosmetics and jewelry. Some of the angels are confined under the earth until the final judgment, others roam the earth and seduce men to idolatry.

Many elements of Judaism and Christianity are evident in the religion taught by Mohammed. Angels exist as sexless beings, having two, three or four pairs of wings, created by Allah, who neither eat, drink, nor propagate the species. They act chiefly as messengers, record the actions of men, receive their souls at death and witness for or against them at the last judgment. Among their other duties nineteen angels guard the seven gates of hell, they tear out the souls of

the wicked, are sent as a warning to men and pray for the forgiveness of men. They are also assigned as guardian angels. Each human being has two angels appointed for him, one on his right hand, the other on his left. They record his actions, care for his soul and direct the course of the world.

Islamism also professes an interesting doctrine of devils. They are not fallen angels but rather spirits of lower exist-

tence created from fire. These are called jinn. A group of rebellious jinn, called shaitans, and led by Iblis, a fallen angel, lead men astray, oppose the prophets, teach sorcery, and try to overhear what is said in heaven but are driven away by shooting stars.

A knowledge of angels is an integral part of the wisdom of the ages, a part of the primitive revelation held in common by all men.

## The Land of Far Beyond

BRENDA BUCKLEY, '57

The telling of the fireside tale has been an important Irish pastime for many centuries. The civilization of ancient Ireland could be reconstructed from the wealth of stories told on a cold winter's night by the crowd as they gathered around the peat fire. However, these collections tell us little of the religious practices of long ago.

From the tales we do learn that the old Irish folk did believe in another world located beneath the lakes and springs. This world was surrounded by either natural or artificial mounds and was inhabited by a race of fairy folk. A certain reality was given to this fairy world because names and personalities were given to these creatures. They were endowed with youth, beauty and immortality. They are known to have often invaded the land of the mortals and abducted many fair young maidens. The druids were intermediaries between the mortals and this unique spirit world.

The Leprechaun and the Banshee are two preternatural creatures who have distinct existences in the fairy world. They are both solitary; however, the Leprechaun was originally a member of a community — "Lu-chorpun" — which means "wee bodies". His community became corrupt and what was left of it became shoemakers and now live solitary lives. The Leprechaun is now shoemaker to the fairies. One of his most envied possessions is a pot of gold which mortals have been trying to locate and rob down through the years. He is far more intelligent than we and through var-

ious tricks, such as shaking pepper in his capturer's eyes, he has always been able to fool us. He is always hard to find since he is dressed in green but of course, finding him is futile since if all his tricks fail he has the ability to disappear.

The Banshee literally means the fairy woman. She has no abode but can be found wailing outside various houses in which someone is about to die. She is a very unwelcome visitor. Her chief characteristic (in case you want to make her acquaintance) is her long hair which she is always combing. With few exceptions she haunts only those families whose names begin with "O" or "Mac" since these are supposed to be authentic Irish names. Besides these, there are many other fairy folk who can be very destructive but are harmless if left alone.

The tales of these people from another world are told with such sincerity and credibility on the part of the story teller that many peasant folk still believe in this "world of far beyond" as many of their practices indicate. May morning finds them travelling to church for May Water. Sprinkling their crops with this insures safety from the "wee folk".

This is an indication of how a strong Christian religion can be built without completely discarding the practices of centuries ago. This other world is as real to many Irish people today as it was to the tribes of years long gone by. But their belief in its reality is overshadowed by a stronger and more powerful belief — their belief in the one true God and His angels.



## IT'S IN A BOOK

DIANA BONETTI, '58

Peripatetically speaking of . . .

### DEVILS

The words of Martin Luther, "The best way to drive out the devil, if he will not yield to texts of Scripture, is to jeer and flout him, for he cannot bear scorn", enticed C. S. Lewis to write *THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS*. Here the author presents and disproves errors about the devil, the first of which is to disbelieve their existence, the second is to feel an excessive interest in them. Uncle Screwtape, who is past his hey-day, corresponds with his nephew Wormwood, who has graduated from The Training College of Tempters, and is now employed as a junior tempter for a Christian convert. He writes to his nephew regularly, warning him not to place pleasure before duty, or the High Command of the Intelligence Department will find it necessary to transfer dear Wormwood to the House of Correction. Unfortunately, Wormwood is not as competent as his college degree would presume him to be, and he is told by his affectionate uncle that the Father Below is very displeased to find that the convert was allowed to join the forces of the enemy. A very humanistic quality pervades this book, written by an author who is able to present worldly vanities as destructive forces in human nature. At the very same time, he demonstrates the unavailing attempt of the devil to ensnare the soul if that soul can admit to the knowledge of good and bad. Regardless of how lightly C. S. Lewis deals with devils here, he has not failed to bring out their shrewd powers of corruption.

### GHOSTS

The effectual hair-raising, eerie, and spooky tales of white, sheet-clad ghosts have been given a humorous twist by a very humorous author, James Thurber. Within a few well written lines is told the amusing, confusing episode of noise in the middle of the night which a youngster believes is a ghost. Before the innocent ghost has a chance to vanish, or before an explanation can be given, we find a very upset household . . . broken windows, a roomful of policemen, an attic full of gunfire and smoke, and an irate old grandfather who thinks that the policemen are deserters from General Meade's army, trying to hide away in the attic. This delightful short story, *THE NIGHT THE GHOST GOT IN*, is a typical example of the carefree wit of Thurber. It is an imaginative narration in as far as it is a ghost story, but it is exceptionally realistic in its believable presentation. Although this is a light, simple short story, (its purpose being merely to entertain), its chief importance lies in the fact that it is written by an accomplished raconteur.

Also classified under the same heading, but in a more serious vein, is a novelette by Henry James, *THE TURN OF THE SCREW*; and the play, *GHOSTS*, by Henrik Ibsen. Both are commendably entertaining.

## VOODOOS

Here is a book that will cause you to fear the dark. Here is a mysterious book that will cause a steady boom of voodoo drums to resound long after the heavy jungle of slumber arrives. As the caption under the first of a group of hideous illustrations says, "Here are deep matters, not easily to be dismissed by crying blasphemy." And thus the truth of the matter lies, for the gory tale this book tells is none other than the worship of the natives of Haiti. The narrations of the author are sights which he has seen, and experiences which he has lived through. The "Danse Congo" as described by the author would seem vulgar to the unappreciative, but we are told that each movement determines whether the body was possessed by the spirit of an evil animal; the "Ounaga Charm" repels the voodoo curse inflicted on those who go stark mad seeking a jungle hidden terror in the form of a corpse; the "Petro Sacrifice" is a swirling ceremony of purification in which a goat and a girl are sacrificed to a bull, which is in turn sacrificed, and the holy blood of these three is drunk amid the increasing excitement of the worshippers. The black sorcery at the altar of skull consists of establishing contact with the dead through a sorceress who gives instructions to those who wish it. Offerings are then placed on graves, exorcisms are pronounced, and ouanges are made with parts of human corpses. The Haitian peasants, it is shown, are sometimes moved by savage forces, but are often, even in their weirdest customs, simple harmless children. Their religion is Catholic, brought to them by the French missionaries, but the ceremonies entailed are not void of Haitian-African savagery. This informative, yet strangely mysterious book by W. B. Seabrook is lightly called **THE MAGIC ISLAND**.

## AND COMMON SENSE

In spite of all the efforts to subdue fanatical spiritism, man's natural inclination to believe has made him easy to be deceived. C. M. de Heredia, S. J., author of **SPIRITISM AND COMMON SENSE**, is a master of magic and mystification, an artist supreme of the arts of the medium. Yet, his delving into the mystery of the shadowy world of the unseen is only a hobby. Nevertheless, it was due to Father Heredia and this very hobby that many so-called magicians seeking to bring spiritism into the world and gradually develop it into a religion were disclosed. In this book, we are given various concrete examples of experiences the author has acquired first hand, and these notations aid the reader to grasp to some extent the seemingly far-fetched explanations of spiritism. The many chapters consist of the psychology of seances, the physical parts of a trance, the subconscious mind behind the force, and the diabolical theory that Satan is usually the physical cause of the psychical phenomena and the moral cause of the evil effect. It is especially interesting to know that the only natural theory worth considering is telepathy, of which genuine cases have been recorded. I think that the best evaluation of this book can be expressed by the author's own prologue: "This book makes no claim to be a scientific work. That the full significance may be understood by the average reader I have avoided as far as possible all technical expressions and references . . . it seeks to define just what psychical phenomena are and then discusses the advantages and disadvantages of the various theories offered to explain these phenomena. It is a brief treatise. It does not pretend to be exhaustive . . ." It is very gratifying to be able to claim his book as a definite answer to the question of spiritism in the world today. It is well worth reading and referring to.

# The Gorgon of Notre Dame

BEATRICE BASILI '58

In the thirteenth century a Cathedral was built in Paris. They called it Notre Dame. The ages have called it a masterpiece of art; one thing alone marred its beauty. Some people say it was a diabolical plan on the part of the architect. Others claim it was a cunning device used to show contrast. Whatever the reason, it remains for all who go to Paris to see, sitting high atop the tower of one of the world's most treasured places of worship, the hideous faces of the Gorgons.



Euryale was one of these. She was the sister of the famed Medusa that Perseus slew and she like her illustrious monster-kin had once held the breath of human life. Here in this city where she now kept constant vigil, she had lived her life of sin. She had seen the things all mortals see. She had heard the things all mortals hear and she had been happy or so she thought. It had been such a long time, nearly seven hundred years but she did not find it hard to remember. Each day Euryale needed but to stretch her ugly head to see others live as she had once lived. The laughter of shrill voices, the low half audible whispers—

she knew all. That was part of her pact. When Euryale's life on earth was drawing to an end, she saw no future happiness or remembrances left for her. Medusa was to be immortalized by a fine statue done by the great artist Benvenuto Cellini and she would stand in the heart of Florence to be admired by men centuries later. But for Euryale nothing remained but the dark ravines of the damned kingdom. So on her deathbed she made a hellish agreement with Satan. She would be spared the eternal fires for a small price. For the rest of eternity she was to sit atop Notre Dame and watch the people of the city work their way into hell. This she would do and this she had done for nearly seven hundred years.

Time bore heavy on the wretched monster and each day she felt as if the hard granite that encased her would burst with age. The storms of winter beat upon her brow and the heat of the Parisian summers seemed to melt her bloodcurdling grin. But somehow, she lasted. Somehow she always remained the same. She hungered to laugh again, to feel her head spin with the warmth of good Burgundy wine, but most of all she tired of standing so still while all about her was in motion.

Each day he came to her, this messenger of hell, and she dutifully made her report. Some days there would be four souls, other days three and on especially good days she had as many as ten to report. Each was now burning in the kingdom beneath the earth. At first she would smile when she told him and her stone lips seemed to curl in a fiendish grin, but now when so much time had passed these numbers held no more joy. To her they were but figures that represented a duty that she longed to relinquish.

It was Spring in Paris. The peddlers' carts decked the streets with flowers. The tourists came from all over the world to see Notre Dame and France. Paris was alive. The day was April 13th, an ordinary day in the city. Ordinary



—but not quite ordinary. That morning Satan came for his report.

"Well", said he resting atop the pinnacle of the highest tower of the cathedral. "Well, how many can we expect today? I must say that living conditions down there are getting quite crowded".

"There does not seem to be much business today", the unfortunate statue answered. "But do not worry. Spring has not yet really begun. Give these poor mortals time. They will come. It has been cold all winter and the church put in a fine heating unit".

"I could supply much more heat than his church ever could. But no difference. There is time. Now that Spring is here they will no longer go to church to keep their bodies warm. Ah yes, Gorgon, this looks like it will be a fine season." He let forth a gutteral laugh that shook the very pinnacles of the building. Once again he glanced over the city, gleefully rubbed his hands together and muttered strange oaths beneath his breath. Then the hateful spirit made ready to leave.

"Wait, oh please wait", cried Euryale. "There is something I must speak to you about. I am tired. I am very weary of this place. I long so much to see once more my fellow-men on the same level rather than having to look down at them from this high tower each day".

"Certainly you have not forgotten your bargain", cried out the devil in rage.

"No, I have not forgotten it. I am ready to make a new one. If you will allow me but one day with my fellow-men, I will follow you home at eventide".

"Agreed", Satan laughed, "agreed my poor foolish friend".

When Euryale awoke she sat at the bottom of Notre Dame. Hastily she rose, ran to the corner of the block and gazed at the ledge where she had stood for centuries. It was empty. He had kept his bargain. Now she had one day. Her mind swam with things to do. Suddenly she stopped. There was one thing she had never done. For years she stood atop a church she had never entered. Now at least she would see it. Half out of breath she ran quickly up the stairs, pushed open the door and looked. There in front of her was nothing—nothing but blackness. She turned in disgust.

All day she wandered aimlessly through the streets. She tried to talk with strangers but they did not hear her. She wanted to play with the beggar children but they could not see her. She was alone in a city where she never before had been lonely. At long last she came back to rest on the steps of the ancient Gothic cathedral and she waited for him to come.

The people passed before her as she sat there, young people and old people. Some were laughing. Some portrayed no expression at all. She laughed with those who were laughing. They were enjoying life. But she pitied those who had no emotion.

"Unfortunate mortals", she cried, "smile. You will never live that moment again". They did not hear her. No one heard her but Satan.

"You have learned", he said with a cynical grin.

Euryale did not answer. Somehow she had vainly hoped that he would not return. She wanted to go back to her place on the ledge. How much wiser she would be. She had given up her choice seat for a moment of the past and now she knew too late that it is impossible to bring back the past.

"Well", he said impatiently, "are you ready".

Euryale thought quickly. If only she could make him see how she felt he might have compassion on her and forget their last agreement.

"Tell me, Satan, don't you ever want to go back into the past? Isn't there one moment you would like to relive. One great mistake you would like to change?"

The devil's mask contorted hideously. With a great voice he cried. "The past is only for cursed remembering and not for reliving. I made my mistake and paid for it. Come!"

The date, April 13, will long be remembered in French history. That was the day that a little Parisian street urchin remarked to the corner newspaper boy that the right ledge of the church tower looked bare. If you ever go to Paris, look up toward the heavens and you will see that there on the right ledge of Notre Dame de Paris, one of the hideous Gorgons is missing.



# EDITORIAL

## But Why Spirits?

ANNE BUCKLEY, '57

Angels occupy a peculiar niche in modern thought similar to that of Santa Claus. The sight of dimpled cheeked cherubs playing tag with a sprig of holly on the front of a Christmas card warms even the hardest heart, just as hearing "Twas the Night Before Christmas" and watching children sitting on Santa's knee in department stores. Santa Claus and angels are nice to think about, but of course, they don't exist. This is the modern sophisticated reaction to angels.

When they aren't grossly denied existence in modern thought, angels undergo another extreme — commercialization. Angels are manufactured by the thousand to sit atop Christmas trees: their name is associated with numerous products including foods, beverages, clothing, decorations. Angels are frequently found on television programs. A recent play depicted an angel who was **KILLED** by an atom blast on a mission of good will to men. (The author had obviously not read LORIA.) In fiction, angels are frequently responsible for winning baseball pennants and the jackpots on quiz shows.

The reality of angels is far more wonderful than these sentimental misconceptions suggest. The existence of these creatures is a fact defined by the Church and substantiated by the appearance in Scripture of Raphael, Michael, and Gabriel, sent by God to aid man's salvation. Theologians, particularly the versatile Saint Thomas Aquinas, have developed a fascinating angelology through reason and speculation. A study of their logical conclusions makes this modern skepticism of angels even more deplorable. It becomes increasingly evident that angels are far more than bright-eyed cherubs, and that they are superior to the very men who scoff at their existence.

LORIA members felt that angels made too compelling a subject to be treated so lightly. We investigated this angelology and gathered facts about angels in art, in literature, in the liturgy, in the gospel, even in other religions. The more imaginative staff members composed angelic free verse, and the artists busied themselves in angelic symbols. When we realized the importance of angels in fiction, we immediately followed suit and included them in ours. One of our short story writers even found herself receiving mail from her guardian angel.

We soon realized that modern skepticism of angels was only one manifestation of the modern cynicism of all that is spiritual. That is why we decided to include all spirits in our issue. We perused *The Screwtape Letters*, *Paradise Lost*, and *Satan* by Fr. Bruno de Jesus Marie O.C.D. to discover the whys and wherefores of devils (knowing very little about them naturally): There ensued discussions of gremlins, of leprechauns, of Chinese fairy tales, even of plain American ghosts.

An editor who had at first disparaged the idea of an issue on spirits because of a lack of MATERIAL was forced to retract part of her pun and admit the potentialities of spirits.

We never intended to preach or moralize on our subject. Our main objective was to compile both informative and imaginative material concerning our subject and present it as such to our readers. Indirectly, of course, we hoped to enhance an awareness of spirits (not the bottled kind) and to develop an interest in them.

If we have succeeded in entertaining you, we are pleased.

If we have managed to increase your spiritual awareness, we are delighted.

Wordsworth once said that "the world is too much with us." That is the reason for this special issue of LORIA

## The Restless Spirit

BEATRICE BASILI, '58

*I brought thee, my spirit,  
Through leaves worn with time,  
To words the ages have spoken  
By men, with hearts as mine.  
But thou, Oh restless vision,  
Did beyond these words aspire,  
Contented not to read again  
The worlds that man desire.  
I brought thee, my spirit,  
To know a foreign soil.  
To feel and thus envision  
The glory of man's toil.  
But thou, Oh restless vision,  
Beheld the monarch's crown.  
Grew tired of this fire,  
And on this force did frown.  
I brought thee, my spirit,  
Into a human bond,  
And threw the pebbles of my love  
Into a shining pond.  
But thou, Oh restless spirit,  
Grew cold and soon distraught,  
That once these ripples faded,  
Towards higher hopes you sought.  
Oh thou immortal spirit,  
Who was conceived but not  
From mortal man,  
Soar to thy eternal haven,  
Fulfill His own predestined plan.*

# Depicting The Undepictable

ANITA LA FEMINA '50

Knowledge of the angels is a significant portion of the belief and teaching of the Catholic Church. Man imbued with faith, has endeavored to portray these celestial beings found in Scripture and sacred legends. Hence, artistic imagination and creativeness were integrated to produce various representations of angels.

Early in the history of art, a cautiously observed system of religious symbolism existed. The aureole or nimbus (halo) was never omitted from an angel's head thus denoting sanctity. Wings were distinctive and emblematic of spirit, power and swiftness. Seraphim and Cherubim are usually represented by heads and as many as three pairs of wings symbolizing pure spirit informed by love and intelligence; the head is an emblem of soul, love, and knowledge. This manner of representing the two highest orders of angels is very ancient and responsible for the human, thoughtful and mature heads. Gradually, they became childlike and degenerated into little baby heads with wings folded under the chin. The more imaginative artists succeeded in overcoming this by many devices. Bodies of angels terminated in delicate wings instead of legs while wings faded into cloudy vapors or burst into flames. One of Raphael's frescoes, situated in the Vatican, portrays fiery cherubs with their hair, wings and limbs ending in glowing flames. It is interesting to note that wings were used by the artists of ancient Egypt, Babylon and Etruria as the symbols of might, majesty and divine beauty.

The representation of a great number of angels surrounding the Deity, the trinity or the Virgin is known as a Glory. It is composed of circular formations of the hierarchies of angels in their proper orders. The inner circle is a glowing red—the symbol of love which is radiated by the presence of God; the

second is blue—the emblem of light and knowledge. However, coloring was less faithfully observed until the end of the sixteenth century when the cherubim's wings were expressed in a variety of colors. Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto offers a fine example. Here the cherubs and the seraphs evolve from blue air and threaten to disappear into the golden tinted background.

Strange as it may seem, the Golden Age of Symbolism was the Middle Ages. Christian Art did not flourish previously because of the hampered condition of the church. In the latter centuries, the walls of the churches were the books of the people. Every detail had its meaning and prevented the faithful from mistaking a symbol for a symbolized truth. The rich and the poor were more familiar with angels than they are today.

These "birds of God" — archangels, guardian angels and the other multitudes of angels are depicted according to the fanciful conceptions of the artists. The Seraphim usually are crimson and possess six wings—two to fly and four to cover the face and feet of God. Thrones are winged wheels, the color of flame and sometimes seated upon the golden throne. When not represented in a Glory, the Choirs wear long white albs and green stoles and bear a sceptre. Dominations, Powers and Virtues are portrayed in full armor. The choirs of the lesser hierarchies resemble human beings and are God's messengers and ministering angels.

In art, the archangels are beautiful and smiling, enjoying perpetual youth and uninterrupted bliss. They appear at religious events and each angel has his own particular function.

Michael, the leader of the heavenly host bears a sceptre, sword, and scales.

Gabriel, the bearer of important messages, guards the celestial treasury.

Raphael, chief of the guardian angels, is seen conducting young Tobias.

Uriel, the regent of the sun, is the teacher of Esdras.

Chamuel, the one who sees God, is believed to have wrestled with Jacob.

Jophiel, the guardian of the tree of knowledge, banished Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden.

Zadkiel, stayed the hand of Abraham from the sacrifice of Isaac.

Thus cognizant of these few facts, an individual can easily recognize the angels characterized in a painting.

Since St. Michael is a predominant subject in art, it is fitting that something more be said about him. He is represented as young and beautiful, arrayed in white drapery with multicolored wings, holding a lance terminating in a sceptre or cross indicating that conquests are made by spiritual force.

During the sixteenth century, St. Michael is pictured as the great Warrior of the Ages. One of the best treatments of the defeat of the demon Lucifer by Michael was painted by Raphael. The angel is poised in air, and touches with his foot the shoulder of the demon who is in a humble human form — fiery in color and having horns and a serpent's tail. Michael's face is serious, calm, and majestic as he gazes on Satan — the personification of malignant hate. The floating hair and the blues, golds, and purples of the angel's wings are contrasted to the brown colors of the devil hence emphasizing the purity of good and the loathsomeness of evil.

Gabriel, the angel of the Annunciation, is pictured in rich priestly robes in a kneeling position, by the early German School; Fra Angelico's version stresses the sweetness and spiritual fervor of both angel and Virgin.

Raphael and the other archangels, unlike Michael and Gabriel, are not extensive subjects of art.

Guardian angels are painted as the preventors of harm, the watchers of sleeping babes, and the performers of solemn and superhuman deeds. Some symbols of communication with men are

the palm branch which connotes victory, the olive leaf — that of peace, and the wreath of oak — that of strength.

Musical angels were indispensable in early Christian works. Many of these angels are portrayed as welcoming the just to the Kingdom of God and are present in the painting of the coronation of Jesus and Mary.

One discovers mourning angels in pictures of the Crucifixion and the sorrowful scenes from the life of Christ and the saintly martyrs. Mosetti's Angel of Tears treats of a weeping angel before a crown of thorns.

Shakespeare said "That the devil hath power to assume a pleasant shape" but apparently artists have ignored this facet of representation. Evil spirits are immediately perceived by their demoniacal appearance. They are characterized in ugly browns by hoofs and dragon heads, and are almost invariably repulsive. These wicked spirits hover over deathbeds, are seen rejoicing in the persecution of martyrs and are in scenes of the temptation of Jesus by Satan.

Returning to the good spirits, angels may be observed in devotional pictures with the Blessed Virgin Mary. Murillo's Immaculate Conception is exquisite in refinement and delicacy. Her eyes cast upwards in prayer, this spotless lady is ministered to by a multitude of angels. These spiritual attendants occupy the entire space and appear to come forth from the heavens with no intention of ever returning.

Modern artists have continued to imitate their predecessors in depicting angels. In every church one can find a heavenly being who once adorned a painting by Titian, Bellini or Memling. On every Christmas card the herald angels adore and sing the praises of the Almighty. In fact, no matter what the occasion may be, you can find a suitable angel.

The story of the angel in art is the story of man's quest for beauty and truth; it is the development of his creative ability to personify the intangible, the immaterial, the undepictable.

# The Naughty Leprechaun

JUDY CALLAHAN, '58

*It was a clear, sun-shiny day,  
The fields were green and the sky was gay,  
When little Kathleen, a fair colleen,  
Of eight or nine I'd say,  
Meandered gayly through the grass,  
To find someone with whom to play.*

*Now unbeknowns't to little Kathleen,  
Behind a bough of mossy green,  
Was a little fellow, ten inches high,  
With impish grin and eyes so sly.*

*She ran along, her skirts wind-whip't,  
When, all of a sudden, she fell and tripped,  
"Ha! Ha!" he cried, with a grin of glee,  
"Look now and see, you've cut your knee."  
"Who are you," she queried, her eyes filled with tears,  
"A leprechaun, who's lived thousands of years."  
"And I'm not usual," he screamed with a shout,  
"Sit down and listen to how I came about."*

*When I was but a little boy, I used to play the hook.  
I played and played the live-long day and never read a book.  
As I ran through the fields one day,  
I spied an old and rusty keg,  
I kicked it so that I could play,  
When, all of a sudden, it caught me leg.  
I cried and cried and called for me mom,  
But no one came and I grew quite numb.*

*As the night came on and the moon grew bright,  
I spied through my tears a most horrible sight.  
A tall black hat, and long green toes,  
Purple hair and a wart on its nose.  
"Ah-ha! what's this?" she cackled at me.  
"I-I'm a little boy, as you can see."  
"I don't catch plump little boys as a rule,  
Ah-ha! I'll bet you weren't in school!"  
"I hate it," I said with a pouted lip,  
"Well I'll have to eat you, you little snip."*

*"I was given a choice by the ugly old hag,  
Either I would help her or into THE bag.  
So here I am now, a bad sprite indeed,  
And all this because I would not heed."*

*Bleak clouds overran the sun's bright rays,  
As Kathleen wandered home in the twilight haze.  
But the lesson she learned there in the glen,  
Was that leprechauns like mortal men.  
Do foolish be to save their skin,  
When bravery might help them win.*



# The Tale of Tsiang Son Woo

BRINDA STACK, '56

*This oh so humble poet cleave  
You from your task that he may weave  
The tale of Tsiang Son Woo.  
One most unfortunate day the sun  
Bring forth the low and miserable one  
Tsiang, called Son of Woo.  
In house of jade he spend his life  
In company of magnificent wife  
Ti Wang, the fair and true.  
Twin lions faithful vigil stand  
To see that mighty spirit Chand  
Smile sun on Wang and Woo.  
("A happy life", Confucius say,  
"Last only while bad spirits play"  
Beware O Tsiang Son Woo!)  
The fateful day dawn ominous gray  
The spirits, tired with their play,  
Decide to tempt Tsiang Woo.  
Magnificent castle they create  
A chopstick's throw from poor Tsiang's  
gate.*

*Its halls they fill with splendid treasure  
In so too great and generous measure.  
From earth enchanted fountain spring  
Six nightingale with gilded wing  
Sing song so pure and true.  
Red velvet peony they place  
In every most significant space.  
And last a marble pathway go  
To door of Tsiang Woo's house below.  
Bad spirits, satisfied at last.  
An evil spell on all they cast.  
And on poor Tsiang Woo, too.  
("A foolish heart", Confucius say,  
"Learn honorable truth in hardest way",  
Be prudent, Tsiang Son Woo!)  
OH! is too woeful to relate  
Tsiang Woo, unmindful of his fate,  
Depart with flying queue.  
Accurséd marble path he climb  
And disappear from world of time  
Without a trace or clue.  
Ten hundred thousand year, at least.  
Jade house, and wife and lion beast.  
Were waiting for Tsiang Woo.  
Today when moon rise clear and chill  
Is said one find them waiting still  
For foolish Tsiang Son Woo.*

# Angles on Angels

FRANCES BRACKEN, '57

There are spiritual substances, independent of matter, whose immanent activity is one of intellect and will. These substances theologians call angels.

A rather dull definition you say? Nothing to keep you awake nights I'll admit, but with some explanation it could prove interesting. In fact I know someone who found it fascinating. You think fascinating but immaterial? Excellent! We can start from there. Angels are spiritual beings, quite immaterial.

Precisely because angels are spiritual beings they are simple, that is devoid of any parts. They are independent of matter and because of this it is difficult for our minds to conceive them. Angels have no top or bottom or width. To use an old pun, we could truly say angels are nobodies.

On the basis of their spiritual nature, angels are generically the same. They are all immaterial and simple, therefore, they are of the same genus. Their generic similarity, however, does not mean that all angels are like carbon copies of one pattern. Saint Thomas tells us that there are no two angels of the same species; there are no two angels equal in nature. Since angels were created to reflect divine perfection, Saint Thomas reasons that each spirit does so in his own way. This becomes rather awesome when we read in Sacred Scripture that "thousands of thousands (of angels ministered to Him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before Him".

The immanent activity of angels stated in the definition is one of intellect and will. This presents a problem for us, for how do angels obtain knowledge if they lack a material body through which to get their knowledge. Having no body incorporating senses, angels have no sensitive knowledge. Angels never felt silk or wood, nor could they imagine how it felt, for neither sensation nor imagination are part of their nature. Theologians tell us it is quite apparent then

that angelic knowledge must be con-natural for if an angel does not acquire ideas then they must be infused in him by the Creator. Since their knowledge is infused, it is not necessary, therefore, for an angel to reason in step-by-step judgments. At a glance they perceive truth. Angels then do not make mistakes, reverse decisions nor possess any hesitancy of purpose. We could truthfully say angels have all we ever wanted on the day of exams. The angelic intellect is more solemnly characterized by the prophet Ezechial who once said of Lucifer: "Thou was the seal of resemblance full of wisdom and perfect in beauty. Thou was perfect in the ways from the day of thy creation".

Although the mind of an angel far surpasses that of a human, it has certain limitations. Angels do not know the future. Quite possibly they can venture a guess as to what will probably happen, but they do not know the future with any more certainty than we do.

Unless we reveal our thoughts to them, angels do not know what is in the mind of any human or in the mind of another spirit. God alone knows our thoughts. These limitations seem minute, however, in comparison to the vast store of knowledge angels do possess.

In close correlation with the intellect is the will, for only a being which has an intellect can form judgments that are free. The intellect judges things to be good or not to be good. Therefore, wherever there is intellect, there is free will. Angels who have a superior intellect have a free will. There is further evidence in revelation and in the writings of the Fathers of the Church. In the light of Divine Revelation an angel is defined as a "rational, intelligent free nature with mutable will". St. Augustine also proves the existence of free will in angels for both in their spiritual natures and powers they reflect God and that reflection mirrors His attribute of free will.



Since angels, like men, are endowed with a will, there is the question as to whether their will is affected by the sensitive appetite as is man. The answer is negative because angels are purely spiritual and are not affected by corporeal sensations. Angels do not tremble with fear, fly into a rage or do they feel overwhelmed with sorrow. Because angels are without feelings does not mean that they are cold impersonal creatures. Angels are capable of love and hate to a degree of fierce intensity. Love in angels, as in man, is a result of knowledge. Nothing is loved unless it is known. Since their intellectual appetite is proportionately more perfect than ours, their love is greater.

What do angels love? They love themselves as naturally as man loves himself, also they love anything that has goodness in it. How tremendous then must be the angels' love for God who is all goodness. This is manifest in Scriptures when the prophet heard the Seraphin as "they cried one to another and said: Holy. Holy. Holy, the Lord God of hosts, all the earth is full of His glory".

This is also one of the quotations from Scripture where angels are said to speak to one another. Saint John in the Apocalypse cites another example when he

says, "And I saw another angel ascending from the rising of the sun, having the sign of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying: 'Hurt not the earth nor the sea till we sign the servants of our God in their foreheads'". Since revelation tells us nothing about how angels speak it is necessary to rely on the theologians. Saint Thomas, the Angelic Doctor says, "For one angel to speak to another means nothing else but that by his own will he directs his mental concept in such a way that it becomes known to the other." This explanation of how angels speak might seem like a public address system rather than a method to converse privately had Saint Thomas failed to explain one factor. It is the will of the speaker who directs what he wishes to be known and to whom he wishes to speak. This method seems to be in complete accord with Heaven's first law of order.

This knowledge then of the angels gained from Scripture, Revelation and the Theologians has given us new concepts as to the essence and nature of spiritual beings. These new ideas have been of value if they have impressed upon us their fundamental message — the reality of the angelic host.

## The Disenchanted Angel

VIRGINIA MOSCA, '57

*Full of the summer day  
You came to me  
With seashells in your hands  
And together we made up fairy tales  
Of what the ocean held.  
But when you tired of make-believe  
A sadness spoiled my heart.  
I felt your young arms close  
And your mind a dream away.  
Straining to a melody so faint  
You barely caught its echo.  
How bitter-sweet this memory.  
The last song of your childhood's last  
day.*



## TO THE WIS

LUCILLE WATERS '56

*"Give the devil his due."*

SHAKESPEARE, HENRY IV

Let's face it — there's a certain fascination about the devil. That's why, sitting down to write my column, I think for only a minute: devils, angels, spirits in general? Which shall it be? Which shall I write about? And almost immediately, I know. Colorful, dramatic Satan wins again!

First let me clear myself with the Theology Department. Truly, Fathers, my preoccupation with the devil is not heretical or sacrilegious. I know (she boasted) what St. Thomas says in the *Summa* and what the Church teaches about this most brilliant of all angels. Morally, intellectually, I want no part of Lucifer. But just for my column, just for the sake of unity, coherence, and dramatic effect, let me stick with this dread and dark angel of light.

Who is this devil I write about? What is his power? He terrorizes children and yet they listen to his exploits in exquisite agony. Adults who are old enough to know better, don't. They, too, are captivated by his evil and his diabolic adventures. Our greatest writers pay tribute to him in their works; he brings out the genius of a Milton and the skill of a James.

Who knows? Maybe he can do something for a senior and her column.

*"Talk of the devil, and his imp appears."*

Pardon the power of suggestion, but somehow I can't help associating imps with children. Perhaps I recognize the nomenclature applied to me one time — I don't know. Be my reasoning fair or foul, children and imps go together in my mind. I wonder if our Child Study majors feel the same way. Sometimes, I think they must. Listen to their tales of woe if you don't agree. They work in the kindergarten every day, and little Tommy always talks a blue streak. He converses with the student teacher, he prattles on with his peers, he talks the Sisters deaf, dumb, and blind. And so, when these same Child Study majors have to make language observations they naturally run for Tommy. Each morning they sit with scores of index cards and wait for Tommy to expound. Go ahead, dear — complex sentences, simple sentences, emotionally charged responses. We need them all. Fire away.

Tommy responds. He senses that they are awaiting every word. With every ounce of imp showing through, he becomes monosyllabic. "Ugh," "yes," "oh." These are his contributions; this is his glorious display of language ability.

You can't win. Why try?

*"Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil."*

Who says so. I'd like to know. Probably some bitter and hardened bachelor who thinks he knows it all. Practically speaking, I probably know even less than

he, but this quote just doesn't seem to ring true to me. It does point up a very unpleasant characteristic of our civilization, though. It appears to be expedient for all men to talk as if marriage were a terrible thing, and a fate worse than death.

A fellow will date a girl consistently; he'll ask her out every Saturday night. If she once refuses, his world is shattered. But then, just listen to him when he's out with his male friends. Of course he's not serious, this is just a lark, marriage isn't for him. He looks panic stricken when he hears that one "of the boys" is taking the big step and can be heard commenting about another good man biting the dust. Everything about him indicates wedlock's the devil.

From the female point of view, I'd say that it looks like a good old fashioned case of sour grapes. Or there's another thought — Chicken, gentlemen?

## Angels in The Gospel

BARBARA GERMACK '58

When God the Father sent His Divine Son to redeem Mankind, He often gave Him help in His mission. Not "help" in the ordinary sense of the word, but something to bring the supernatural level down to the natural. This was often accomplished by angels. The term "angels" does not connote small cherubs with pink faces and curly hair, but the epitome of God's creation—pure spirits, who reflect His intellectual perfection. In dealing with humans, however, these angels assumed human forms and served primarily as God's messengers.

Christ came in the "fullness of time." Among the preparations necessary to attain this, the stage of the world was set with a foreshadower in John the Baptist. It was the angel Gabriel who told Zachary of the birth of his son. "Thy petition has been heard, and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son and thou shalt call his name John."

But perhaps the greatest act performed by an angel was at the Annunciation. Here the world was turned from sadness to joy, from despair to hope. This indeed is the greatest message ever spoken. "Thou shalt conceive in thy womb and thou shalt call His name, Jesus. He shall be great, and of His kingdom there shall be no end." Even today this momentous occasion has its effects, for Christianity has been the longest and strongest force in the world.

At the Incarnation it was the angel who heralded the birth of Christ to the world. This seems to have a symbolic meaning, for just as Christ took on a human nature to go among men, like-

wise to a lesser degree did the angels take on human forms as they sang their praises. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will."

Angels were forever protecting and guarding Our Lord. When Herod, fearful lest he should lose his power, ordered the slaughter of the young boys, an angel appeared to Joseph in a dream. "Arise and take the child and His Mother into Egypt." When the danger was over the angel told Joseph to return. Throughout His public ministry, angels continued this help. When Jesus was tempted by the devil in the desert, it was the "angels who came and ministered to Him." Also during the terrible Agony in the Garden. "There appeared to Him an angel from heaven to strengthen Him." In one of His many parables Christ described the role to be played by angels in the last judgment. "The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels."

After Our Lord gloriously rose from the dead, it was the angels who first announced this fact to the world. "An angel of the Lord . . . drawing near rolled back the stone." Then the angel told the shocked women of Jerusalem the news of the Resurrection, the most potent proof of the divinity of Christ. "Why do you seek the living one among the dead? He is not here, but has risen."

The Gospel is rich in religious significance about Jesus Christ, truly the most wonderful figure in history. Angels, however have a very definite place in this history.

# Letters from a Guardian Angel

DELORIS HARRISON, '58

How often have you run to the mailbox in hopes of finding some little epistle of delight? A note to cheer, to console, to guide, or maybe just a letter from the favorite boyfriend of the moment? Well, I usually don't dash to my mailbox, being a sedate person by nature, but being in the immediate vicinity, I chanced to look therein and what surprise and utter delight filled me when I discovered a note. It was a note from my guardian angel. Being of the cynical mind of most college students, I quickly passed this off as one of the many pranks of my comrades. However, after carefully examining the paper for tell-tale finger prints of my college mates, I discovered the note to be an authentic inner cosmic epistle in the highest degree. The handwriting, which was legible (thus excluded all my acquaintances), was in a script dating back to an ancient, archaic style of writing. It was not written on old looseleaf paper, but on a sheet of luminous parchment. Well enough of these descriptive passages, on to the matter at hand. Why would any self-respecting angel write to me, Sally Morgan? The letter began quite conventionally.

"Dear Sally,

As your appointed guardian angel, I felt that it was my duty to congratulate you on your graduation from high school and entrance into college. I know this is a highly irregular practice — correspondence between angel and friend — but because of the vast difference in our schedules, I could find no way to squeeze in direct conversation through conventional means.

I feel ashamed that my presence up to this time has been almost lacking from your life except for the case of the lost religion book which I think merits your attention in viewing my case as a good guardian angel. I hope that as you enter college you will realize the need for a spiritual friend and that we may be united again as all angels and friends should be.

Good luck always, Sally. I will try to make these correspondences frequent and interesting.

GUARDIAN ANGEL VII

H.P.S. (Heavenly Post Script)

Since these notes are entirely between you and me, I would appreciate it if you kept them off the record for a while so to speak."

Naturally, I was impressed to say the least. However, being a little skeptical as to the practical value of a guardian angel, I hesitated to immediately discard all books, notes, teachers, and classes. I went about my life normally, not feeling in the least endowed by celestial light. I weathered the storm of my entire Freshman year without hearing from my beloved angel. On the occasion of my fifth week as a Sophomore I received another note.

"Dear Sally,

It might seem as though I have forgotten you, but I have been quite busy getting my Ph.D. in Human Nature — Adolescent Division. Now I feel confident that we can begin a more intimate relationship since I have been acquainted with your media. I must say that this, of course, was quite complex, for it encompassed all the things that make up a normal college student in the Twentieth Century in the United States on the Planet Earth. Since all these things are quite foreign to me, I suffered many difficulties. However, now I feel I am quite qualified to assist you in your coming years. I'll write soon.

Your angel, G. A. 7"

Human Nature — Adolescent Division — well, that's quite a subject for an angel. True to his word, my guardian angel did make his effects felt in my life.

An example of his interest was shown in a harsh letter concerning my weakness of character.

"Dear Sally,

To say that I was entirely displeased with your behavior at the dance would be understating the issue. I feel that you have become too lax in your practice of charity. If you have no consideration of your personal relations — think of my status as a guardian angel. To refuse to dance with the nice short boy from Richmond College was terribly unkind, to say the least.

Another matter I wish to consider is your neglect of household obligations. Even in my exalted state I can understand your dislike for routine duties. However, Sally, I hope that you will offer these meager tasks up, and do them eagerly so that you can bathe leisurely in the suns of Paradise.

G. A. 7"

Many letters followed, each bringing a note of cheer, a chastisement, or a praise. Each letter was appreciated and treasured, and I began to love my guardian angel. The feeling of mere toleration left me, and he became what he had set out to become, my spiritual pal. The years went by swiftly and my guardian angel and I shared many joys and many tears together. I remember one of the few sad letters I have received from him.

"Dear Sally,

Everything seems to be going wrong down there, and I fear for you. Very often I see that you are crushed by the disharmony of the world around you. You must not lose faith, you must continue to believe and work towards your highest goal. It is more than graduating from college, getting a job or getting married; it is striving to be a good and kind human being.

I have so much faith in you, Sally, that I know you will never waver in your convictions, but will go on the right road overcoming the momentary bumps.

G. A. 7"

Each time I felt myself slipping from the main course. I would take out this heavenly passage, and review its aims and its meaning. Soon it was June 1958, and I was finally graduating from college. My parents were so proud, and I had many mixed feelings of accomplishment and of beginning. When I arrived home, I rushed to my mailbox eager to see if G. A. had remembered the great day also. There among the many cards and letters of congratulations was a little luminous envelope I had learned to cherish so much. I read it carefully.

"Dear Sally,

Congratulations on your beautiful graduation! Due to my close friendship in higher circles, I was able to secure a beautiful day for the occasion. Guardian XX told me to tell you that he was delighted that Judy Moore graduated too, and he wants to thank you for your kind prayers for her. I think I must be the happiest angel in Heaven.

Sally, I want to also tell you that due to the high population of earth and the scarcity of angels, I have been assigned to another young lady. I hope you will understand. Although I am still your angel, I must help another young woman through her difficult years too. I shall always be near and willing to help. Our correspondence must end, but our communication will not, as long as you need me and I am in your heart.

Eternally yours,

G. A. VII"

A feeling of sadness came over me when I realized that I would not receive those precious heavenly notes any longer, but then there was joy that another individual would share in my good fortune.

# Bishop Sheen's Angels

MARGARET JONES, '59

The poor workman demands an imposing array of tools before he starts the simplest task; the clever one uses any tools that are at hand, and fashions new ones as he finds a need for them.

If Bishop Sheen were a mechanic equipped with the most meagre set of wrenches and screwdrivers, he would still find a way to repair the most intricate of today's motors. The field of endeavor has little to do with successful work. However, His Excellency has the greatest task of all, the salvation of man's soul, and the problems of reaching through to that soul have been greater, perhaps, than those confronting anyone in any other work.

Long before Bishop Sheen was a regular feature on TV the news of his conversions were amazing to the newspaper reader. It seemed as if he accepted every challenge. The list of the big names brought into the fold of Catholicism was long—and quite puzzling. Some of the men and women converted had been actively opposed to the Church; some had fallen so far from their early faith that it seemed impossible that they could ever be brought back. And yet, most of those who accepted the Church for the first time, or came back to it, went on from there to become shining examples to the world. How had this all come about?

In some cases those converted were so prominent in their own way, and so erudite that it seemed incredible that they could be swayed by zeal alone, or by logic. And yet, Bishop Sheen had found a way. He had approached each case as a separate task; as another high compression motor with a cantankerous carburetor. Most certainly his approach could not be the same in each case, for every task had new elements.

Some of the Bishop's secrets have been revealed since he has been on television. As one of the millions viewing his pro-

gram, I have been held by his seriousness, which comes before all else, but really conditioned to accept the message by the sparkling but quiet humor that grows out of little situations and by details in the staging of the program.

Perhaps one of the stratagems—in the entertainment world it would be “gimmicks”—that helps most to tear down the road blocks viewers and listeners ordinarily throw up is Bishop Sheen's use of the simple props with which he is surrounded. He uses a blackboard on which he draws pictures, or writes, to illustrate certain points in his speech. Then he will walk to another part of the set, the camera following him. In a few minutes, he will turn again to the blackboard—and it is now clean of chalk marks. He will glance at the slate, smile at the viewers and remark, “Ah, I see my little angel has cleaned the board for me.” It is a simple thing, but it brings a laugh from the studio audience that, no doubt, has seen a stage hand erasing the writing, but it has an even greater effect on the TV viewers who could not see the board being cleaned. This is only one of the many little things, but it snaps tension wherever it has built up. A favorite with the Bishop, he seldom refers to his “little angel” in the same way. Once he even remarked that his angel carried a union card, which, of course, was the truth, but it got an even bigger laugh.

Over and above everything else, Bishop Sheen maintains the dignity of his position to put across his clear logic and practical facts, which are the reason he is on TV in the first place. If he uses his keen wit, it is always with a purpose. He has indeed what the newspapers said Johnny Podres had when he pitched Brooklyn to two of the victories that brought the Dodgers their first victory in the World's Series—a change of pace.

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## Introducing the contributors to LORIA

FRANCES BRACKEN, '57

"O mortal man! who livest here by oil." Such was the thought that entered my mind while I was trying to find introductory witticisms for each contributor and contribution for this the "Contributors' Column". Soon many "famous first lines" and several less famous last words came trooping into my mind. This happy fortune solved the problem. These lines

could introduce our writers. "Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly," for doom is soon approaching for alas I have taken all the lines out of context!

"Many in aftertimes will say of you" admirable things. Everyone who has been associated with LORIA will pay this tribute to ANNE BUCKLEY, our new editor-in-chief. Along with the

guidance and effort put in this issue. Anne also contributed a story. "Convention of Veteran Gremlins".

BEATRICE BASILI, our new poetry editor, has returned "Trusty, dusky, vivid, true" with another of her stories and two poems.

DIANA BONETTI, having spent many hours of research and readings on spirits for her column "What's in a Book" may now justly say, "Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story."

Someone heard the fiction editor, FRANCES BRACKEN, say "Oh, for a closer walk with God," thinking it would help her better understand the theology of angels. Her article is called "Angles on Angels" — Hope they are all right!

"Once I was part of the music I heard." BRENDA BUCKLEY reminisces about the fantasy she remembers about Ireland in "Land of the Far Beyond."

"I am that which began." The "I" is JUDY CALLAHAN for she makes her first contribution to LORIA in this issue with her poem "The Naughty Leprechaun."

Our salutation for JOAN COSTA, "Welcome, old friend!" Joan is LORIA's efficient non-fiction editor. For this issue she has written an article on spirits in other religions.

BARBARA GERMACK knows that "Great spirits now on earth are sojourning" yet she reminds us that they did not come with the atomic age and she proves this in her article "Angels in the Gospels."

"So careful of the type?" We answer in the affirmative. CAROL HADEK has proven herself so. As business manager of LORIA, Carol has had many a consultation with the printer concerning both the financial angles and the finesse with which LORIA is published.

"Dear Mr. Editor: I wish to say" that DELORIS HARRISON has written concerning a "Letter from a Guardian Angel".

"Piping down the valleys wild." PAT HENRY has joined all those who are "Piping songs of pleasant glee." for in

this issue of LORIA, Pat has contributed her first poem.

MARGARET JONES might well say "O world invisible, we view thee" to characterize her article on Bishop Sheen's angel. Through this channel, Margaret makes her debut in LORIA.

"Their sense is with their senses all mixed in." ANITA LA FEMINA realizes this problem of the artist in her article, "Depicting the Undepictable". Anita is also the very capable art editor of LORIA.

"Just for a handful of silver he left us." If silver could be changed to gold this would be the superb quip with which to characterize EMILIA LONGO-BARDO'S story "Manny 'n Mike".

"For I must sing of all I feel and know." In "Disenchanted Angel" by GINNY MOSCA we find pleasure in listening to her song. Ginny's poetic genius was also recognized by the National Poetry Association who presented her with an award for her poem "Faltering Heart".

"All that I know" is that JOAN SCHNEIDER is a freshman and a new contributor to LORIA. In this issue Joan writes "The Angel of the Lord Declared Unto Mary". We hope she will continue to write for the magazine.

"Yes; I write verse now and then." Our senior contributor BRINDA STACK is quite an accomplished poet. She displays her talents for the first time by her poem "The Tales of Tsiang Son Woo".

"O world! O life! O time!" Even though she has many other obligations, LUCILLE WATERS still found time to write her column "Words to the Wise". All LORIA readers are grateful for her contribution.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit." MARY MARGARET FARLEY, a freshman and a new contributor, designed LORIA'S cover for this issue.

The task is completed but may I have but one last quote? "'Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock."



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# LORIA

MARCH, 1956



*Litterae Oblectamen Remaneat In Aeternum*

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# On That Night of Mothers Visit

PEGGY KEARNEY, '57

## I

I couldn't stop thinking about babies that night as I sat at my desk. It wasn't so strange that a twenty-year-old college junior should find herself thinking along such lines, especially since her older sister had married recently. Also, hadn't we heard that Mrs. Carmelito just had her seventh child and that Jack and Babbit Lynch were expecting their first? I had high hopes for my sister Rosarie; I was joyous for the Carmelitos and so happy for Jack and Babbit.

The gentle rap at the door roused me and I realized that I hadn't turned a single page of that "psych" book since I returned to my room. I turned and there was Mother, tray in hand.

"I brought up some cake and milk for you, Binie. Put away the books for a while." She entreated soothingly.

I'm afraid Mother was a tiny bit too fretful about my studying which really wasn't so concentrated as it looked, but I welcomed her visits which had become almost a ritual. Usually she'd put away my laundry which daily she piled on my bureau but that night she sat on the bed.

I broke off a piece of the soft, brown, nut loaf and savored the walnut flavor. I looked at my Mother. Her dark brown eyes testified to a wisdom which years had brought; her streaked gray hair whispered of a naiveness which hoped to highlight again those once auburn tresses with tea rinses. Some conspicuous veins in her clasped hands hinted of a weary body. Ordinarily it was Rosarie that Mother would talk to down in the kitchen at night—she had been working and her evenings were free—but with Rosarie married, the boys still in service, and Daddy dead since '52, I was really the only one Mother could chat with.

"Isn't it just wonderful about Mrs. Carmelito, Mother?" I was feeling a bit

dramatic so I closed my eyes and sighed deeply.

"Yes, Binie, she's certainly a fine little woman." Mother went on. "And believe me, she's not letting anyone keep her from doing what's right. She's got seven beautiful children that adore her and she keeps a house she can be proud of." My eyes were open now. "Maybe she and the little tots aren't so well-dressed or well-mannered at that, but I hope Babbit Lynch and your sister Rosarie and yourself, Sabina, and your friends like you will turn out half as well as Mrs. Carmelito."

The fresh linen of the bed made that rustly sound under her slightly convulsed body; I wondered what had upset Mother so. She nervously searched around inside the top of her housedress until she caught the drooping slip strap and pulled it back into position. A sharp fingernail scratched her shoulder but even though she lowered her head fixing her attention on the horny of-fender, I could see her moist eyes blink again and again. As I watched Mother that night and thought of the words she spoke I began to realize what was troubling her.

## II

Yes, what with my school work and running around, Mother had done most of her talking with Rosarie. The few spare hours I had were usually spent in the pantry soaking up a never-ending fascination that Esther had upon me. Esther was a Swedish cook with whom Mother had worked during her early years in America. That one long blond braid of Esther's that she'd wind around her head always intrigued me as did her enormous bulk; her legs were barrel-like; her arms, soft mountains of flesh. Esther was a rare piece with her printed housedresses and checkered aprons which never failed to offend my young but esthetic sense.

But it was from Esther that I learned



so much about my family. I've never stopped being amazed at how much she knew. I shouldn't have been, though, for she and Mother had known each other for years. During our tete-a-tetes in the pantry Esther would tell me how the young, brown-eyed, auburn-topped Mary, my mother, was taken on as a helper and companion to the daughters of the Mackeys of Southampton. Esther had cooked for the Mackeys and she got to know Mother quite well. From what she told me of how Mother would go here and there with the Mackey girls, I figured that it was probably during her stay at Southampton that Mother acquired not only her taste for nice things but also her sensitiveness to what other folks thought and said. You know how some young debs are—always worrying about what the columnists will note and maybe print, or what the other members of the set will think. I guess the constant hearing of their prattle, added to her own impressiveness, so affected Mother that she absorbed their attitude and soon found herself fretting about what this, that, or the other neighbor thought.

It was in 1930, after Jamie was born and Rosarie was just a year old, that Esther came to our house to help out. A young mother's job was really hard then. There were no prepared baby foods so naturally everything a baby ate had to be cooked for hours, then crushed and strained, and strained some more. I used to ask Esther if she ever helped Mother and Daddy make and refrigerate large quantities of formula. I recall how Esther had chuckled.

"Vhy, Binie, only a few folks were using formula in zose days. Don't you know your mama nursed everyvon of you?" All of a sudden Esther had grown serious; she continued in a low tone. "And she vas criticized for zat, too, Binie—by some of your ultra-modern neighbors."

I remember how Esther then started to move the salt sellars into all sorts of positions on the enamel table. This meant only one thing—something, some

memory or something, had suddenly made her angry.

"Oh, Binie, when I zink of all the zings they used to say and how hurt and helpless your mama and papa felt. . . ."

### III

There was one tale of Esther's that I'll never forget.

Esther stood close behind Mother one night as she pulled in a heavy line of wash. At the time there was Rosarie, the two boys, and I was on the way.

"You be careful zere, Mary, one snap of zat line and . . ." Esther was always nervous when any of us went to the clothesline, for there was a two-story drop to the driveway from the kitchen window.

"Now, Esther, you stop your worrying and hold me around the waist; the wind's not too bad." Mary caught one of the double-bed sheets up into her arms to keep the wind from blowing it up against the tarred brick of the house; she backed in from the window to the now chilled kitchen.

"Esther, dear, would you run over and close the kitchen door? I don't want the cold to blow up to Rosarie and the boys while they're sleeping."

"If only it had stayed nice zis afternoon . . ." Esther was speaking only half aloud as she came back to the open window. " . . . zat vash would be dry long ago." She felt bad for not being able to help in a more constructive way. As she used to say herself, she was a trifle too large for any decent amount of efficiency at the average-sized kitchen window.

"Now, now, Esther, don't fret. I know how you feel. I'll be all right. If Michael were home he'd do this for me; you know that." The ring of Daddy's name had made Mother pause. "Oh, I'll be so glad when those night-time digging sessions in the subways are over—him being down there in that dampness and having to get up again early in the morning."

There were a few pillow cases and

some socks still on the line. Mother poked her head out into the night air to retrieve them quickly. It was nearly midnight.

"Why, Mary, dear, at this hour and in this cold!"

Mother peered through the heavy darkness below in the driveway enough to make out the face of Gladys Burke who had just stopped the car just below the window. Glad always picked Tom up at the theatre after the last show. They were putting the car in the garage. The very careful articulation of Glad's words hinted of insincerity.

"How *are* you feeling, Mary dear?" She turned toward Tom who was sitting up inquisitively, obviously puzzled at his wife's "concern". "Oh, didn't you hear, Tom? Mary's having *another* one!" The light from the kitchen illuminated the windshield; there was a smirk on Tom's face. By this time Mother was puzzled—Glad's uncommon use of "dear". Tom's attitude. It didn't take much figuring on Esther's part, though, to see what was meant by the words the cold air conveyed up to her as she stood inside the window. Hadn't the Burkes, passing with their one, always glanced cynically at Mary's babies playing in the carriage or the playpen?

#### IV

I couldn't help thinking of this incident, and others, as Mother sat there on my bed. It wasn't until my empty glass clinked on the aluminum tray that she straightened, a little embarrassed, for she still wasn't used to these sessions with her youngest child.

"I'll take these things down stairs." She busied herself with the tray. "Try to finish up now, Binie, and get some sleep." More concerned about Mother's behavior, it took the click of the door being shut to jolt me. I called.

"The eats hit the spot, Mother. Thanks."

Gladys and Tom Burke weren't the

only ones that Esther had told me about. Sarah Logue hadn't been the most charitable person in those days. Uncle Matt had blamed Daddy. In fact, Mrs. Schmidt had been the only one to admit that she was jealous of Mother and Daddy. What really made me certain about Mother, though, was something that Esther didn't have to tell me.

#### V

It was years ago but I still remember what happened.

It was a clear Saturday afternoon in spring and a good number of the neighbors were out in the driveway behind their attached houses. Holes from the winter frost were being patched with small bits of cement; autos were being washed; there was a game of skip rope in progress. Rosarie persuaded her friends to allow me to play. I had to take an end and turn, of course, before I could get a chance to jump. Martha missed—another miss and someone would take *my* end. Eileen missed. It was my turn at last. I felt the rope slither between my legs then pull tightly and hotly across my shin bone. I was sure that Eileen had pulled it; she didn't want me to play in the first place.

"You missed! You missed! Take an end!"

Take an end? After I just got rid of one? Uh, uh! I ran from staring eyes through the back door into the dark coolness of the cellar. Mother turned from the tubs; she had heard the fracas. Her cold hands were a balm to my flaming cheeks. She bent low, enfolding me, holding me close and tight, whispering hoarsely. I was young—I could hardly grasp the significance of the words she breathed on my throbbing forehead.

"Oh, how I wish, how I wish I had a baby sister for you . . ." She glanced toward the open cellar door, " . . . but those, those . . ."

It was only on that night of Mother's visit that I understood.

# An Author Reveals Himself

JUDY CALLAHAN '58

*Anna Karenina* is the product of Count Leo Tolstoi, member of the triumvirate of outstanding Russian writers. In this novel, which is placed alongside *War and Peace* as his two greatest works, Tolstoi draws a picture of the contemporary life of the aristocracy of Russia in the period immediately following the emancipation of the serfs. It was a period of the most intense change in Russia during the nineteenth century. Factions of Russia advocated westernization while others wanted their Slavic ways kept in practice. It was a case of the old way versus the new and Russia was in a state of economic, political and social turmoil.

True to the usual pattern followed by the Russians, Tolstoi did not write *Anna Karenina* merely as an idle tale for the enjoyment of the general public. It was by means of this novel that he asserted his personal opinions concerning the problems of the day and it was chiefly through the character of Levin that this was accomplished.

Levin represents the landed nobility. Intensely interested in the problems of the peasants, he constantly studied ponderous tomes containing discussions of various solutions to the economic problems of Russia. He also became extremely interested in westernization and the methods employed by those of the West. In this respect, his concern paral-

els that of Tolstoi; but besides expressing the same concern for the emancipated serfs and the same opinions concerning westernization that Tolstoi himself held, he also reflected the spiritual conflict that Tolstoi was undergoing at this time. Levin was haunted by the fear of sudden death: not the physical fear of death itself, but the fear that, in the face of death, the whole of life would be meaningless. A peasant supplied the answer to this question that constantly tortured his mind. The rule of life he gave is that one must live for one's soul. Thus equipped with the solution to his problem, life no longer seemed meaningless.

Therefore, Levin marks the stage in Tolstoi's development of his abandonment of materialism and his reception into the Russian Orthodox Church. Not long after his conversion, however, Tolstoi rejected ecclesiastical authority, dogmas and rituals of the church and formed his own religion based entirely on the Gospels. However, his acceptance of the Gospels merely was another digression from the Orthodox Church, for he interpreted them entirely in his own way.

Therefore, while he has given us a most enjoyable novel and an intriguing story, Tolstoi has also subtly used this media to propagate his viewpoints and to draw a parallel picture of his own interesting life.

## THOUGHTS ON NIGHT

LEONORE RAGUSA '57

Dusk breathes and night's thick dye seeps into all things. The bursting, blaring colors are flecked, paled and then blotted out. Those that know me cannot see me. My ears have borrowed eyes. How strange is the brook without the tender brownish glow. The romping, clinging, popping bubbles—hear them spatter. The roving pebbles, the shifting

sand, the homeless leaf, the soaked and barren seed, the silken mud that stole the spray and drank the drifting droplets; we cannot see them. But hear, and let the finger touch. Eyes are not alone in seeing.

# Importance

PAT GIBBONS, '58

The soup lay untouched and cold in the chipped dishes. The women who sat at the table were silent, intent on the open newspaper before them. A headline glared back: *Twenty Year Old Mystery Solved*. Long slender fingers closed the paper.

"Your dinner is getting cold, cousin Helen. Forget the newspaper."

"Oh, cousin Margaret, how can you say that? You know what he meant to me. You read what they said about him. How can you ask me to forget it? . . . I don't want my soup tonight."

Margaret carried the two bowls to the sink, washed them and left them to drain. When she came back to the table Helen was fingering the newspaper again. Her fingers were rough and gnarled.

"I told you to put that away, cousin Helen. Didn't you hear me? Didn't you hear me?"

"Yes, yes, I heard you, cousin. But what they say about him isn't true. You know that. Don't tell me to put it away, please. Let me tell them they're wrong."

Margaret seemed not to hear and snatched the newspaper from the table. She folded it in its original creases and put it on a high shelf.

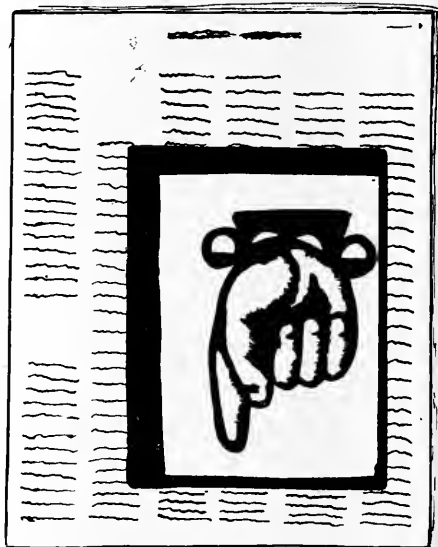
"It's time for bed, cousin Helen. You know how you feel when you're tired. Good night!"

Helen hesitated before starting up the stairs.

"Cousin Margaret, may I ask you something? Could you . . . would you do something for me? I mean, do something about the story in the newspaper."

"I said good night, cousin Helen."

Margaret sat down at the scarred table. The dishes had to be dried; a dress had to be mended; and she was very tired. On an impulse she reached for the shelf where she had put the newspaper. Very slowly she opened it to page three, the page that had upset



Helen. It was a regular newspaper article, full of bare facts and cold details. But the last paragraph was different. That was the paragraph that had disturbed cousin Helen. It was a description of Wilbur Peter Perkins, murderer.

Margaret read it, reread it, and read it again. Helen can be so like a child at times, she thought. But then, it was disturbing. She returned the newspaper to the shelf. She was very tired.

The following morning, while Helen was on the front porch mending her dress, Margaret once again read the newspaper article. For once in her life, she thought, Helen is right. Something has to be done about this. But what?

That night Margaret decided. She would write to the editor of the newspaper. When Helen had gone to bed, Margaret sat at the old secretary and laboriously composed a letter to Mr. Sam Howard, Editor, *Laurelton Daily*. After the letter had been picked up, Margaret put the newspaper away. After all, Helen must not worry. There was no mention of the article after that. Four days later, a letter landed on the

editor's desk. It read:

Dear Sir,

I am writing with reference to an article in the May 9th *Laurelton Daily* about a mystery that has been solved after twenty years. You devoted a paragraph to a description of the murderer, Wilbur Peter Perkins. My dear sir, there is a grave mistake in that description. The article stated in part: "... hands are those of a murderer, short, heavy and grimy. Their strength seems capable of doing anything." There is the error. The hands of my uncle, sir, were those of a musician. They were long, slender, and lithe.

Would you please print a retraction? His family is very disturbed.

Very truly yours,

Miss Margaret Adams

The next edition of the *Laurelton Daily* carried the retraction. It appeared on page twenty-one and read in part: "... the murderer Wilbur P. Perkins was described by the writer as having the hands of a murderer. We now realize our mistake. We have learned that he had the hands of a musician. This retraction is made with sincere regret that the error was made."

That evening Margaret showed the newspaper to Helen. She read it in silence. When she lifted her head, her faded eyes were glistening.

"Yes, that's the way my father was.

Yes, that's much, much better."

## Summer Night

PEGGY KEARNEY, '57

### I

*The bricks of the stoop are sharp  
but cool;  
My bare legs warm them  
then seek another spot.  
High night winds bring a trumpet's moan to me  
from the summer dance  
in the park.*

### II

*They all dance with their fellows,  
I know;  
I'd just stand with folded arms  
and shift to the other foot.  
I'd seek some spot behind the band  
and try to find my cronies  
to stay with them a while.*

### III

*So I'll just sit upon the bricks  
and wait.  
And dream I hear approaching steps—  
yours perhaps.  
You'll halt; we'll sit and talk and look alone  
surrounded by the sax's song  
on the stoop in the dark.*

# The Case of the Murdered Theory

EMILIA LONGOBARDO '59

Once upon a time, in mid-nineteenth century Europe, there was an ugly monster called the Industrial Revolution who went around grabbing helpless creatures, then tortured, flogged and fettered them in order to gain enormous profits for its masters, the manufacturers. But lo and behold, it wasn't long before there appeared on the scene a Great Liberator whose sword was the "Communist Manifesto" and whose call to arms was: "The workers have nothing to lose but their chains . . . Workers of all lands, unite!"

Our hero, of course, is Karl Marx. But just how did he propose to free the oppressed proletariat? The answer was simple—violent revolution. And, according to Marx, the basis of revolution lay in class struggle. "The history of all hitherto existing society," he majestically proclaimed, "is the history of class struggles." To arrive at this bright deduction our hero looked to Hegel's dialectic which (for the benefit of our amateur philosophers) can be explained as follows: Every being contains not only itself but also its opposite, so that the interaction of the Thesis (being)—and the Antithesis (non-being)—produces the Synthesis (becoming). Applied to the classes the dialectic goes like this, from the conflict between the ruling class (the capitalists) and its destroyer (the proletariat), the new ruling class emerges. The inevitable outcome is a society in which the capitalist is eliminated and the proletariat is dominant and alone. This new epoch of human progress would be based on the principle "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." A good plan, many agreed, and after all, the first thousand years are always the hardest.

However, here Mr. Marx went off into one of his numerous contradictions. For he seems to neglect the fact that if, as he says, the dialectic has worked

throughout history, there is nothing to prevent its effecting his cozy communist society. How can he be sure that there will not evolve from within the proletariat an opposing element which will rise up and destroy this same proletariat? After all, even a dictatorship of the proletariat might not be completely acceptable to some people. And perhaps these dissenters will be able to cause some trouble *before* they are liquidated. Oh well, why bother with trivials!

And then our hero died. Ah, but his theory of class struggle lived on—to be handed down to two "true Marxians", Messrs. Lenin and Stalin. Each one, in his day, promised to be the faithful guardian of the theory. And each did, in his own peculiar way. Their ways must have been very peculiar indeed because they managed to achieve "Marxian" socialism in the one country, Russia, which had not passed through the intermediate "capitalistic" stage which Marx held would prepare the way for socialism. Also, real socialism presupposes democratic rule, something very different from the seemingly endless "transitional stage" which the Bolsheviks profess to have accomplished through their autocratic government.

The seeds of revolution, Marx was convinced, were to be found in the capitalist system itself and a classless society would be an *inevitable* result of class struggle. But Lenin went him one better. He decided it was necessary to plant the seeds by organizing a conscious, militant minority of the workers grouped into soviets and carrying out the Party line.

Marx saw the capitalist class decreasing in numbers and growing in wealth and power, with the working class increasing in numbers but becoming impoverished. Lenin realized with dismay that his hero's prediction was not coming true, for the workers were

slowly becoming a contented middle class. So he decided to take matters into his own hands and provide the stimulus that was needed to stir up the dormant desire for revolution. This was his theory of imperialism, which maintains that the resources of a poor, helpless world were monopolized by a monster (here we go again) which consisted of giant capitalistic combinations. The present epoch, Lenin claimed, was one of wars among the imperialist powers for the redivision of the world, of national revolutions by colonial peoples and oppressed nations for freedom, and of proletarian revolutions for the overthrow of capitalism—all products of the class struggle, of course. Now all this would lead to an indignant proletariat world front revolution against the oppressing world front of imperialism.

Yet, our friend Stalin seemed to ignore completely this international character of the revolution and of communist society, for during his reign (what else can one call it?) the interests of Communism became identified not with the workers of the world, but with the interests of an all-supreme Soviet state. Stalin also dismissed with contempt the theory that since the State is (as Marx put it) "the direct product of the irreconcilability of the interests of the two classes," in a communistic society "the State will wither away." The Great White Father explained that as long as the Soviet Union is surrounded by hostile capitalist vultures with aggressive designs on the U.S.S.R. the Soviet State must increase, rather than decrease its coercive powers. It will wither away only when the entire capitalist world becomes communistic, he claimed. And, though the Stalin Constitution of 1936 proclaimed the achievement of socialism in Russia, still the State showed no sign of withering thus contradicting Marx's theory that as

socialism comes into being, the State is no longer needed. In reality then, what Comrade Stalin did was to transform the dictatorship of the proletariat into the personal dictatorship of Josef Stalin.

In fact, at present, with Stalin's influence still hovering over the Kremlin, it seems that the principle that the State exists because of class antagonism has been reversed, so that now class antagonism must be fostered in order to preserve the State and to give the Soviet leaders an excuse for exercising their inhuman dictatorship.

In a word then, the theory of class struggle is dead; killed by two "true Marxians." For whereas Marx started out to eliminate class struggle, the Leninist and Stalinist Communists now find themselves in a position where the presence of a mythical class struggle is the only safeguard to their own power. Since Marx's theories have been so distorted, the ideal communistic society envisioned by him is an utter impossibility. At which fact Mr. Marx might be heard to exclaim, "Et tu, Brute!"

Well, we have found the murderers. But the case history is not complete. For perhaps someday another Great Liberator will come. He too will make use of the dialectic and the theory of class struggle. The classes will be two—the Communist Party and those under its rule. The application of the dialectic will go like this: Thesis—the terrorist regime of the Reds; Antithesis—the oppressed people of Russia and the world; Synthesis—a free Russia and a free world. The means? Why, revolution of course. A moral revolution, that is. The transitional stage? "Dictatorship" by a republican form of government. The goal? A democratic society where the peoples of the world will live happily (and freely) ever after.



## IT'S IN A BOOK

DIANA BONETTI, '58

### WOMAN OF CHARACTER

AUNTIE MAME by Patrick Dennis is a novel filled with delightful hilarity. Mr. Dennis—a nom de plume—has presented his aunt as the most unforgettable character ever to invade the mental register of acquaintances. And indeed she is.

As a young boy, orphaned and wealthy, the author is left under the care of his Aunt Mame, a fabulously endowed heiress, unpretentious and frivolous, eccentric and unconventional, and in spite of it all—or rather, in spite of herself—enchantingly lovely. Although she really does not do too bad a job of rearing her nephew, she does manage to get herself, and him, involved in the most confusing, but very humorous situations . . . such as surprising Patrick by appearing at his Senior Prom as the belle of the ball; making sure that he was able to sneak out of boarding school at night safely; and as a final touch, being caught—almost—in the men's dormitory . . . after hours. In fact, Auntie Mame, pushing fifty, has decided to become an Ivy Leaguer, the hard way.

Patrick Dennis, whose true identity he wishes to keep heavily cloaked, deserves the loudest and longest applause for his unmatched sense of humor. He has given to his readers a book of hearty laughs, a rollicking, side-splitting story, a novel you will not easily forget, a character you will want to remember. In addition to all this, it is well told and well written. Without a doubt, AUNTIE MAME is a gay piece of nostalgic nonsense that you will find yourself reading over and over again.

### WOMAN OF BEAUTY

In expression, in appreciation, in thought . . . Ann Morrow Lindbergh. She is the author of the best selling non-fiction book, GIFT FROM THE SEA. From the continual distractions of everyday chores and responsibilities, she has found a peaceful, soothing escape in her appreciation of the beach and the sea. As the waves softly caress the sandy shore, tiny gifts unfold themselves in the form of shells. Each shell holds the secret of a woman's heart. The simple structural lines, the graceful curves, the hidden form . . . all signify an aspect of special emotion, and each emotion is frankly, delicately, and beautifully told.

Ann Morrow Lindbergh is without a doubt, an inspired writer, an influential author. She has the artistic capability to captivate her readers, to hold their interest, and to motivate their emotions to feel the experience she is telling of. This is due to her simple style, her sincere expressions and her delicate sense of beauty. GIFT FROM THE SEA is the type of book you will find yourself reading over and over again.



## **WOMAN OF INTEGRITY . . .**

. . . and foresight is that woman contemplating marriage with the realization of its many pitfalls as well as its blissful aspects. For those of us who are seeking constructive answers to questions that arise when we wonder exactly what constitutes the right mate, (Rev.) Charles Hugo Doyle has brought forth a very penetrating analysis in his latest book, **BLAME NO ONE BUT YOURSELF**. In logical sequence, Father Doyle outlines the formation of personal characteristics, the aspects of environment, adolescence, and maturation, as well as the development of moral principles, social graces, and capacities for love. After a complete insight into these subjects, we are given the basic requisites for marriage. Although you may feel . . . at this point in life . . . that the topic of finding the true one and only has been so often told and retold that it has finally become exhausted, you will be quite pleasantly surprised—as I was—to find that the author has uncovered many tiny, precious gems worth a fortune in contemplation. Besides challenging thoughts and apt examples, there is a sprinkling of bright humor which makes this book not only instructive but also entertaining. It is, however, quite obvious that the author is a religious, since the book contains many texts from Scripture, and alludes to many Catholic beliefs and principles. For this reason, a non-Catholic would perhaps find these insertions somewhat of a deviation from the general tone of guidance. Another fact which must be considered is that this book was written primarily for teenagers, as well as for all those considering marriage. With this thought in mind, we can readily accept various situations, which are presented in a somewhat youthful manner. Nevertheless, it is a book filled with sincere interest, complete understanding, and startling frankness. It is a book worth recommending and worth reading since it pertains to each of us who wishes to avoid picking a lemon in the garden of love where only peaches grow . . . or so we think. I now truly feel, and so will you if you read this book, that I can blame no one but myself if I pick the wrong mate.

## **WOMAN OF SANCTITY**

Marie Françoise Therese was born at Alençon, France, on the night of January 2, 1873. She was the last of nine children, four of whom died at birth or very soon thereafter. Upon reaching the age of fifteen, Therese entered the Carmelite convent of Lisieux and remained there for nine years, until at twenty-four years of age, she died of tuberculosis. She was buried in a small, local cemetery as quietly and obscurely as she had lived. However, on May 17, 1925, a short twenty-eight years later, candles blazed and glowed in St. Peter's Basilica, which echoed with tremendous vibrations from the throngs that gathered to join Pius XI in proclaiming the canonization of this little Carmelite . . . St. Therese of the Child Jesus.

With this outline, John Beevers has given to the modern world, a modern biography of a modern saint, in his book **STORM OF GLORY**. In reading this presentation of the life and teachings of the "little St. Therese," we find ourselves blissfully transported along a path strewn with red roses . . . each one symbolizing an example of her teaching, a perfection of her love, an ideal of her sanctity. Of the very many books that have been written about her life, none have so accurately and vividly been presented as is this masterpiece. In simple, yet forceful language, Mr. Beevers tells a story which we find rich in significance as well as enthralling in beauty. For uplifting emotions, for satisfying reading, for the effect it will have on you . . . read **STORM OF GLORY**. This is another fine publication by Image Books.

# Metamorphosis

JOAN COSTA, '57

At 8:30 a.m. anxious faces peer down the track into the cold nothingness of the subway tunnel at Union Square. Hundreds of people stand silently searching for a sign of the blunt faced mole which burrows its way through a labyrinth of passages each day to carry them to work. They are spaced along the platform in small clusters at the exact spots where habit has taught them the doors will slide back to admit them to the dull green interior of the giant iron mole.

A hatless young man in a brown suit turns his eyes momentarily from the tunnel and glances nervously at his watch—then stares into the darkness again. A tiny woman with two large orange feathers in her hat smiles briefly to herself, as if enjoying some private joke in her own special world. The elderly gentleman standing a little further down the platform turns to the financial page of *The Times* and frowns in annoyance. He reads slowly down the long columns of figures, stopping to glance frequently down the track. By far the greatest number stand, all turned in one direction like manikins in a storage room. Their faces are as expressionless as unfinished sculpture; even their eyes are dull and cold.

The extreme ends of the platform are comparatively uncrowded; a few people strain over the small print of a paper-back or stand motionless in the dim light. The center of greatest activity is the brightly lighted newsstand halfway down the platform. A steady stream of people walk into its arc of light and walk out again to join one of the small isolated groups. Occasionally the newsman comments on the success of the Dodgers, but the clipped responses of his customers soon discourage him.

A slight wave of motion passes through the crowd as the peering eyes simultaneously spot the two wide set points of light boring through the darkness of the tunnel. The low rumble which immediately follows quickly rises

in a great crescendo and becomes a deafening roar as the man-made mole pulls into the station. It seems that each car is packed full, but the doors slide back and, almost in unison, the small groups surge into the train. The lone straggler who is not carried into the car with the group tries to get in on his own but is cut off by the finality of a sliding door.

The giant mole comes to life and burrows through the long tunnel toward Twenty-Third Street station. Inside, the hatless young man in the brown suit stands clutching an overhead strap, his gaze apparently fixed upon an "ad" for the Household Finance Company. All around him the other passengers are forced into similar attitudes by the pressure of the crowd. However, their faces do not register discomfort; they are resigned, their expressions all cast from the same mold.

The train halts with a jerk at Twenty-Third Street. A man blocking the door remains immobile until he is pushed aside by the crowd pouring on to the platform. They hurry along toward the exits. As if driven by an electric compulsion they move faster as they reach the stairs leading to Fifth Avenue. The tiny woman with the two orange feathers in her hat moves with the swiftest group who work on Broadway and must wind their way through the low passage under the street. She impatiently mounts the stairs and emerges into the sunlight.

The big clock on the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building chimes the quarter hour and the woman relaxes. She walks slowly, enjoying the warmth of the sun and the refreshing green of the little park across the street. The elderly gentleman with his copy of *The Times* tucked under his arm moves into step beside her and greets her smilingly. As they walk toward the bank on the corner she animatedly tells him the story that she had momentarily recalled on the subway and they laugh heartily.

Some of the people who emerge into the light stop for their paper at the newsstand at the head of the stairs. The hatless young man in the brown suit is arguing good naturedly with the newsdealer over the respective merits of the Yankees and Giants. Then they pull out their wallets and compare the newest snapshots of their families. The young man suddenly remembers the time and with a quick good-bye hurries into the Fifth Avenue building.

As the big clock sonorously strikes nine the street is almost quiet except for a few stragglers who are laughing as they run toward their office buildings. The day is clear and bright. People respond with a jaunty step and friendly smile. Below, the giant iron mole burrows more indolently now, waiting for the hour when it can again transform those who must descend into the darkness of its kingdom.

## The Journey

ROSE ANN CONNOLLY. '57

*From the desert of the night  
The hills hear the bitter wind coming  
They flee down to the ocean  
Trailing scarves of mist across the moon.  
The stars join in the flight  
They reel like pigeons homing  
And dance, down to the ocean  
They glitter and sparkle across the meadows of the moon  
To creep under the soft, blue counterpane at shore.*

*I'm a moth with wings pressed together in a prayer of thanks  
Pausing to sigh over the moon-bright hills  
Hurrying through the mist to the ocean  
Through the dark night winging—  
Wings steadily pumping up then down—  
Through the pitchness with bright grass and yellow flowers hidden  
By a dark coating—one of a chain of fluttery things winging  
Through scents and noises and outlines  
Generation after generation winging—  
Some wings—candle-singed, some  
Smoke hazed—some ocean washed  
All one of a luminous chain—unending  
Around the contour of the earth  
Through dark moist forests, over stormy lakes  
Over snow caressed mountains, winging to  
A cliff where sky and hilltop meet and  
There it lies—the ocean—with all of crystal heaven in it,  
A cloud scratched sky on the ocean's bosom.*

*We moths dip into the mirrored beauty  
To gather its treasure on filmy wings.  
It glistens off clutching wings  
Down into the liquidity—undiminished  
The journey is not done—and we are weary  
Our wings too fragile for star chasing  
Little hearts pulse wildly for a wind to lift them.  
Up—up to the stillness above the  
Cloud-swathed hands of heaven  
To where winds shriek with silence  
And wear calmness like a robe.*

# With Love To G. M. H.

BARBARA MORRISON '57

The grey-haired middle-aged priest lay on his death bed. More difficult to endure than the pain was the sight of his Anglican parents viewing him in his pitiful state. They had so vehemently opposed his conversion to the Roman Church but he saw them now, kneeling there beside him, and heard them whispering the prayers for the dying along with the priest. His struggle was coming to an end. He had tried so hard throughout his life to follow the rule of Saint Ignatius. He had felt that every duty performed was a prayer to God—but his verses—were they a prayer?

The time had come; the union which he had awaited for forty-five years was at hand: his God was calling him. His last words reflected the joyful tranquillity of one who is about to begin a new life of perfect happiness. "I am so happy." The room became still and Gerard Manley Hopkins was soon forgotten by the world—except for one friend.

Thirty years later, in 1918, Poet Laureate Robert Bridges edited a book entitled *The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, which was to upset the conservative foundations of the literary world.

The audience first receiving Hopkins saw the ushering in of a new age—an age of experimentation. Traditional verse began to recede to the background and literature resembling that of the Anglo-Saxons came to the fore. Although Hopkins lived during the Victorian period, he might be called a forerunner of twentieth century literature. The strangeness of his poetry was regarded as eccentric by his unsympathetic friends but is now recognized as art form and his influences are seen in many contemporary poets such as Dylan Thomas and T. S. Eliot.

The outstanding quality of Hopkins' poetry is what he, himself, called "Inscap", and means the essence of something expressing itself externally in design and pattern. This insight into the nature of things was seen in his writings after his conversion. Critics have charged the church and the Jesuit Order with narrowing Hopkins' mind and bridling his genius. However, from observation, one wonders whether he would have reached such heights without the guidance of Jesuit discipline. True, because of his fear of fame and desire for humility, his works were few in number. But when Hopkins did write it was because he had to write. His soul was crying out to its creator. Such passion and intensity could never have been reached without this self-imposed restriction.

*I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,  
Down all that glory in the heavens  
to glean our Saviour;  
And, eyes, heart, what looks, what  
lips yet gave you a  
Rapturous love's greeting of realer, of  
rounder replies?*

Hopkins' analogies, his seeing nature in respect to its creator, could not have been developed if he had not led an ascetic life. His early sensuousness, much like Keats', had to be disciplined and guided in the right direction in order to restrain the emotions into producing an aesthetic expression as well as a saintly life. In "The Habit of Perfection," one of his conversion poems, he affirms the ideal of directing the senses to the Glory of God:

*O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet  
That want the yield of plushy sward,  
But you shall walk the golden street  
And you unhouse and house the Lord.*

Hopkins' youth was characterized by by intense sensitivity and a strong love

of nature's beauty. However, he was unlike the romantics, who believed, as Wordsworth said, "nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Hopkins, in a less certain way asks himself if we may retain beauty:

*How to keep—is there any, is there none  
such, nowhere known, some bow or  
brooch or braid or brace, latch or  
catch or key to keep*

*Back Beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty,  
beauty,—from vanishing away.*

He reaches an answer:

*No, there's none, there's none—oh no,  
there's none!*

Presently though, he finds a way. He, himself, is too insignificant and too finite to keep beauty, but there is one.

*Give beauty back, beauty, beauty,  
beauty, back to God beauty's self  
and beauty's giver.*

*See: not a hair is, not an eyelash, not  
the least lash lost: every hair is,  
hair of the head, numbered.*

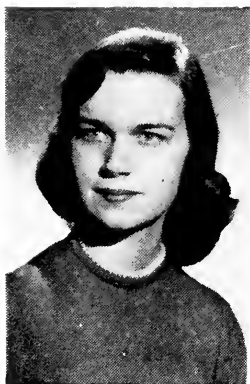
The theme of giving beauty back to God for safe-keeping predominates through Hopkins' life. The talented young man offered his gifts back to their bestower and was rewarded a hundred-fold. These gifts were purified and perfected to produce a magnificent result.

We cannot look back upon Hopkins as a prosperous and famous literary figure producing traditional sonnets, but we can see a holy man, clad with priestly robes, offering prayers to God through artistic expression. Not only is poetic form revolutionized, but his soul and perhaps countless others are directed precisely and positively to their proper path.

## PURGATION

PATRICIA HENRY, '59

*A jeweller will take  
a bit of sullied ore,  
burn it, beat and hammer it  
'till it is soft, submissive.  
Then with deft fingers,  
he will fashion it  
into a jewel, a glorious thing.  
So, Thou, Great Artisan,  
snatch up the self-stained soul of man.  
Burn it with crimson  
fire of Thy love, and,  
with the weight of Thy great cross,  
beat down on it  
until it cries for pain  
of loving Thee.  
And when, exhausted, conquered,  
in Thy palm it lies,  
make of it a jewel  
to stud Eternity.*



## THE EDITOR'S CORNER

### Possession . . . Diffusion

ANNE BUCKLEY, '57

The oft posed question of the college graduate's contribution to the world received a harsh answer recently in the results of a survey of parish activities in New York and Connecticut. Of the pastors interviewed, only thirty per cent agreed that graduates of Catholic colleges play an active part in parish life. Fifty-four per cent said that graduates do not; fifty-seven per cent stated that they form only a negligible portion of the leaders in parish societies. The pastors named materialism, selfishness, and disinterestedness as reasons for the graduate's apparent failure to respond to parish activities.

It would be short-sighted for us to ignore these statistics on the grounds that we are still college students. Within one, or two, or three years, we will be Catholic college graduates, incorporated into such ominous sounding statistics as these.

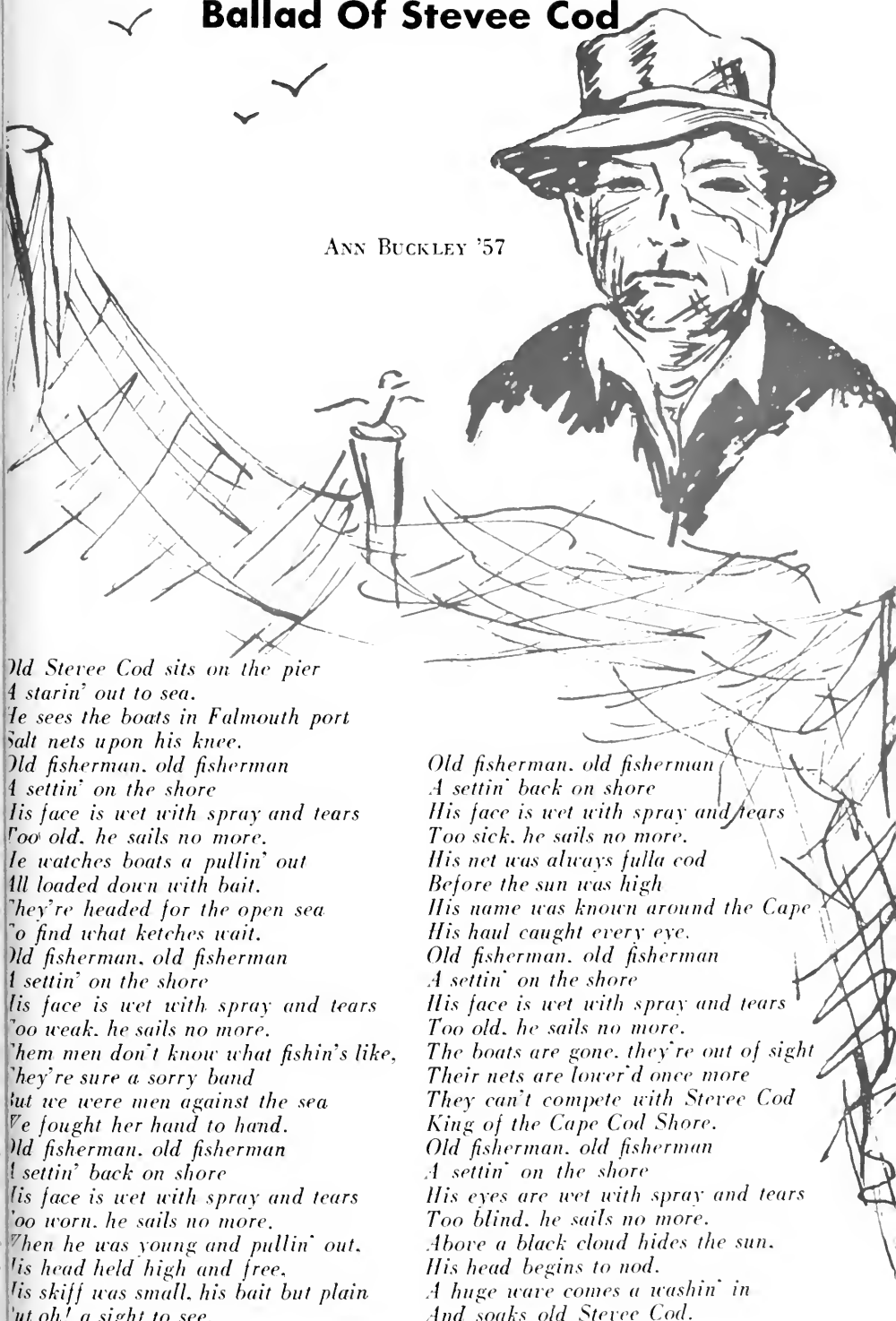
There are several reasons which underlie graduates' apparent failure to respond to the needs of their parishes. Freed from collegiate assignments and extra-curricular activities, the graduate feels awkward in approaching societies which she has avoided for four years. Those who overcome this momentary shyness sometimes find activities disappointing when compared with their collegiate pursuits. This results in what onlookers call "college snobbishness." It is true that a lack of organization or enthusiasm has made some activities lifeless, and the graduate is not wholly wrong in her lack of interest. But, if she retires from active parish life as a result of this initial discouragement, she deserves the sharpest criticism. College should have prepared the graduate to suggest changes which might make the parish the vital force it can be. To whom much is given, much is expected. The graduate should be able to inject the wonderful values of four years at Catholic college into her parish life.

Some graduates feel that parish activities are being handled successfully without their assistance. But there are many ways they could be of real help. Parishes currently are expanding to meet the many varied needs of their members. Their youth programs are a constructive force in combating juvenile crime. Informal discussions, confraternity classes, and religious societies are a vital means for converting non-Catholics as well as deepening the religious life of Catholics. Some parishes offer practical courses in marriage, in child care, in modern dance, in Red Cross, in the missal and the liturgy. College graduates are needed to pioneer or to further such fields, for they have a unique contribution.

Higher education has instilled in us a respect for knowledge and faith. The Catholic college graduate dwells among men and women who have not had the opportunity to develop this respect. The disciples were admonished to feed the hungry. College graduates have a special share of this physical and spiritual food. To covet it is selfish; to share it is charity.

# Ballad Of Stevee Cod

ANN BUCKLEY '57



Old Stevee Cod sits on the pier  
A starin' out to sea.  
He sees the boats in Falmouth port  
Salt nets upon his knee.  
Old fisherman, old fisherman  
A settin' on the shore  
His face is wet with spray and tears  
Too old, he sails no more.  
He watches boats a pullin' out  
All loaded down with bait.  
They're headed for the open sea  
To find what ketches wait.  
Old fisherman, old fisherman  
A settin' on the shore  
His face is wet with spray and tears  
Too weak, he sails no more.  
Them men don't know what fishin's like,  
They're sure a sorry band  
But we were men against the sea  
We fought her hand to hand.  
Old fisherman, old fisherman  
A settin' back on shore  
His face is wet with spray and tears  
Too worn, he sails no more.  
When he was young and pullin' out,  
His head held high and free,  
His skiff was small, his bait but plain  
But oh! a sight to see.

Old fisherman, old fisherman  
A settin' back on shore  
His face is wet with spray and tears  
Too sick, he sails no more.  
His net was always fulla cod  
Before the sun was high  
His name was known around the Cape  
His haul caught every eye.  
Old fisherman, old fisherman  
A settin' on the shore  
His face is wet with spray and tears  
Too old, he sails no more.  
The boats are gone, they're out of sight  
Their nets are lower'd once more  
They can't compete with Stevee Cod  
King of the Cape Cod Shore.  
Old fisherman, old fisherman  
A settin' on the shore  
His eyes are wet with spray and tears  
Too blind, he sails no more.  
Above a black cloud hides the sun,  
His head begins to nod.  
A huge wave comes a washin' in  
And soaks old Stevee Cod.

# The Innocents

PAT HENRY, '59

It was about five o'clock and the sun was still making feeble attempts to pierce the blue of the west transept windows. Everything was quiet, as evening is always quiet, when the stillness was broken by the creaking of the front door of the church. It opened, and closed, and a small figure pattered up the middle aisle. St. Joseph looked down and blinked in surprise. What can one of them be doing down here, he mused, and how did he get so dirty? And, why, he's crying—I thought they never cried. But as the little creature came closer, he could see it wasn't a cherub at all. It was a little boy. He stopped right in front of Joseph.

The little boy had a crew-cut that appeared to be in the growing-back-in stage, and a liberal sprinkling of freckles across a saucy nose. Except for the nose, though, he didn't look very saucy. His great dark eyes were sunken in his grimy, tear-stained cheeks, his clothes hung loosely on his thin frame, and he shivered with what could have been cold, fatigue or fear—probably all three. Joseph thought. Then he began to speak.

"Hello St. Joseph," he said. "My name's Joe Bennet, and I got something to tell you. I'm named after you so I figure you can help me. And I don't have any father, at least. I usta but my mother says he's gone forever—does that mean he's dead?—Well, anyhow, you're a father so that makes it even better." Then he held out his palm. "See this," he continued, "it's a dime I saved. I'm usin' it to light a candle. Maybe that'll help too." Joseph wanted to tell him that the dime wasn't necessary but he was afraid that if Peter the sexton heard him there might be a bit of a stir. "Now," said little Joe, having lit his taper. "I'll tell you what's wrong. See, my mother is very

sad. She never was too happy, I don't think, 'cause my father that I used to have wasn't very nice to her. She never laughs or smiles, 'cept when I do some thin' silly, and then, after she laughs she hugs me so hard it hurts and starts crying again. Lately she goes into her room and stays in there for a long time and keeps the door locked. An' when she comes out she acts kind funny an' I don't like it at all. I heard the lad downstairs from us say that my mother was turnin' into a al-, alk- well, some thin' that didn't sound very nice, an' she's gonna report us as a case. Well I'd like you to make us stop being a case, if that's what we are. I'd like you to make us be happy. I don't see why we must be sad all the time." He sighed at the end of his speech, and, leaning his elbows on the railing, looked hopefully into Joseph's eyes.

Why, thought Joseph, he expects me to answer him right here and now! He hesitated a moment, then he said to himself. "Who cares if old Peter hears me, or anyone else, for that matter perhaps this section of the earth could use a bit of stir." He stepped down to the floor, and, leaning his staff against the wall, walked over to the first pew and sat down. "Come here little Joe," he said, and, as the child approached him, he lifted him to his knees. "You," he began, "are what might be called an Innocent—you remember the Holy Innocents, don't you? And your mother, well, you might call her an Innocent too—not the same kind you are, but an Innocent all the same. I have a boy somewhat like you; A foster son. You see, I took care of Him for a while—took care of His mother too. Well, to get back to what I have to say, my boy was the most innocent of all the Innocents. He suffered very, very much, and He and His mother were sad



a good deal of the time. But what a grand thing their sadness did. You see, when an innocent person suffers, his sadness is like a warm, clean stream of water. It washes away a lot of the ugliness and grief caused by people who think they are happy, but know only a false joy that doesn't last very long. Your sadness, while it is difficult to understand, is really a wonderful thing, and, some day, perhaps very soon, because of it, you will be so happy that your little heart will just about burst. I promise you that. Now, suppose you go home and tell your mother what I've told you—your guardian angel will help you remember all of it—and I'll see what I can do." As Joe pattered back down the aisle, Joseph rose, walked over to the main altar and knelt down before the tabernacle.

"Son," he whispered, "I guess you heard what the little man had to say. Could you tell me—is it time for Joe and his mother to be happy yet; or do you think we could move up their time a little?"

"Suppose you follow little Joe home," replied Christ. "Everything has been taken care of. Go ahead. Peter the sexton is busy polishing candelabra; we'll never miss you."

Joseph hurried down the aisle, pushed open the big door, and ran onto the street. He could see the Innocent nudging along a few blocks ahead. He followed him to a brown tenement and waited until little Joe had gone inside. Then, after a minute or two, he stepped inside the door, and examined the row of buzzers with names pasted over them—Bennet—IB—that would be the fourth floor. Inside the hallway he mounted the stairs, and finding the flat where the child and his mother lived, hid himself in a corner to await whatever it was Christ had planned. He must have dozed off for a while because he

smelled the smell all at once; it hadn't been there before. And how warm it was! Then he realized—fire—there was a fire in the building and already some firemen were mounting the stairs. He could hear their voices. "Gosh," one of them said, "who'd be cooking or burning anything at this time of night? Funny, how it doesn't seem to be spreading downstairs at all—what?—yeah, there's no one lives up here but some woman and her little boy—guess they didn't know what hit them."

After the firemen had passed by him, they busied themselves in hacking at the Bennet's blackened door. Joseph scurried behind them down the abandoned stairway and out the back door. Through alleys and backyards he made his way back to the church. It took him a while—he was rather excited and got himself lost once or twice—but he finally made it. Rushing inside, he cried to Christ. "Oh, oh—I didn't think you'd—"

"Hush!" whispered Christ. "Get back on your altar; here comes Father Maher!" Joseph grasped his staff and resumed his position in a flash. He was still rather puzzled. Then, as Father Maher came out of the sacristy with Peter in tow, he heard the priest talking to the old sexton.

"It was the oddest thing; there they were in an armchair in the center of the room, locked in each other's arms. Oh, dead, of course, but Peter, the flames had never touched them. It was beautiful, really, so peaceful and happy they looked! I guess it was sort of a miracle." Joseph nodded knowingly—"Thank you, Son," he whispered toward the tabernacle. Then, looking down at the row of smoking tapers at his feet, he saw that the one lighted by the Innocent was still dancing brightly. He smiled. "Yes, Father Maher, a miracle—sort of."

# Holiday

FRANCES BRACKEN, '57

That season is here again. The hope for a heavy snowfall is on the wane. The time when the sun beat strong and steadily on the sands is a memory. That season is here when indifference has the upperhand. It is damp. It is dreary. It is time for a holiday.

Deep still lakes, birch forests and a feeling of infinite space make Finland an ideal place for a holiday. Finland is called the forgotten country of Europe but I know of some of its beauty. Via imagination, why not take a holiday with me in Finland?

Helsinki is the capital of Suomi, as the Finns call their native land. The sea laps eternally at this city, blowing over it an invigorating salted breeze. You are conscious of this breath of fresh air and it adds to the vigor and youthfulness which is Helsinki.

I was keenly aware of it my first day in the city. On that day, as I walked up the Esplanade to the Hotel Tornio to meet my guide, I formed my first impression of the Finnish people. Down the center of the Esplanade are benches that stretch in two rows. Sitting enjoying the sun were young girls dressed in blue and henna costumes, jaunty sailors and an occasional white-kierchiefed woman sitting like a Rembrandt figure placid and still. Guided by governesses in white starched uniforms, golden haired children played among the lilac bushes. As I surveyed the group, I saw that their faces were broad, and the color they lacked in their cheeks glowed brilliantly in their blonde hair. There was a quality about them which seemed to describe the solitude and simplicity in which the people of Finland live.

I arrived at the Hotel Tornio and took the elevator to the top of the tower. There is the restaurant and my guide, Katrina Paloheimo, was waiting. She had reserved a table by the window and from here you can survey the whole city while having lunch. Katrina was pleased that we were able to have that

table and as the waiter passed she asked for the menu.

While we waited, the sounds of the Swedish and Finnish tongues mingling together merged to form a dreamlike atmosphere. I soon returned to reality, however, when Katrina told me that the Finnish language has fifteen cases and all compound words are written as one, some becoming as elongated as "rifle barrels."

Soon the waiter returned and we ordered smoked reindeer meat and Finnish cheese. For dessert we had "mesimarja," a special berry which grows north of the Arctic Circle and is ripened by the Midnight Sun.

After we had eaten we stayed at our table for a while and surveyed the vast city below us. White is the dominating color in Helsinki. Lustrous white in the stucco and concrete buildings gives the impression of strength and cleanliness. This whiteness is neither violent nor murky for everywhere it is offset by bright awnings of sea blue, rust or gay green. From high in the tower harmony seemed to reign below.

Leaving the restaurant we walked down to the harbor and the open-air market. Katrina explained to me the procedure in the market. From early morning until noon, produce boats and booths hold session, selling their wares. At noon, however, all must scurry for a brigade of cleaners come to wash the cobbles. All tradesmen must be gone or the men with hose and brush will wash them into the sea.

When we arrived, the market place was deserted except for flocks of blue and white pigeons scurrying about in search of crumbs. Katrina laughed when she saw them and said they imitated well the tradesmen who gamble with time and flee with their unsold goods just in the nick of time before the flood at noon.

On the walk back to the hotel Katrina told me of her love of music. Although the Finns are basically practical people.

They have spent much time and energy in creating and providing for the arts. Jean Sibelius is Katrina's favorite composer. He is also the favorite of all Helsinki during the concert season which is gay and heartily attended. Sibelius studied in Berlin and Vienna, but in his compositions he drew inspiration from the native poetry of Finland. Like the landscape of Finland all his music is tinged with melancholy. Katrina said she thought Sibelius best exemp-

plified the old Finnish saying that "Music is born of sorrow."

Dusk was now quickly settling. The last rays of the day's sun touched the birch trees in the park and reflected the whiteness of the buildings. A sense of quiet and peace seemed to permeate the city. Remembering my first day in Helsinki I realize that it is that stillness which enhances the beauty of the country and which made my holiday so pleasant.

## **We Are In Him**

CAROL ANNE BOASI, '58

*Complete our life—not with our death,  
     for then we just begin to live;  
 Begins our life—not with our birth,  
     for then we are conceived;  
 When then—birth, death—beginning, end?  
 Is none!  
 For all is one—we are in Him.  
 When He of us does think—we are;  
     if not—we never were.  
 We are forever, if He never thinks us not.*

## **PROPELLED**

EMILIA LONGOBARDO, '59

*The world  
 Like a thundering jet  
 Whizzes round the universe  
 Piloted by statesmen  
 Out to break through the peace barrier:  
     "Three . . . two . . . one . . . zero . . .  
     Can't control 'er."  
     Come down. Try again.  
 Nations  
 Grounded by discord  
 Fumble with the motor  
 As clumsy, unskilled menders  
 Dropping their tools out of fear and hate:  
     "Three . . . two . . . one . . . zero . . .  
     Controls giving 'way."  
     Once more. Keep trying.  
 Brothers  
 Powered by the truth  
 Steering with a single hand  
 Swiftly gain momentum  
 Climbing higher, going faster:  
     "Three . . . two . . . one . . . zero . . .  
     Under control."  
     Through!*

# The Carbon Copy

JOAN COSTA, '57

The neat, gold letters on the door read George Linden—Accountant. Inside the small office a man sat at the typewriter, his fingers moving tensely over the keys. His hand shook as he took the letter from the machine and separated the white copy from the yellow, adding each to a precise pile on his desk.

"Have I remembered everything?"—he was rolling more paper into the machine—"Miss Harris would get sick today . . . better go over the details again while I finish these letters . . . the note for Alice . . . the money in small bills . . ." he was picking up the yellow carbons and filing them mechanically. "Today," he thought, "I'll make the final payment. I'll be free!"

The tall, thin man opened his briefcase and dropped in some bills then a heavy paper bag. He picked up his gray homburg, brushed a bit of dust from his hand tailored lapel and walked out of the office.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Paper. Miss Andrews? Did ya see where somebody finally got that guy Joe Lance? They should give that fella a medal."

"Yes, Jim, I've heard, thanks." The girl took the paper from the newsboy and walked swiftly down the street. Yes, she had heard. That man, George Linden, was providing her with the biggest opportunity of her life. As she walked toward the county jail Catherine saw herself standing in the blue organdy dress she had received for her eighth birthday, stamping her foot and shouting, "I will be the queen . . . I can too . . . I can be anything I want!" Then suddenly she was in the seventh grade classroom listening enthralled to stories of Washington and Jefferson. "They were really successful," she thought, "they really did something."

The classroom faded and she heard her mother's voice. "Catherine dear, hadn't you better begin thinking about choosing a college? You'll be out of high school in a few months."

"I've decided, mother. I'm going to be a lawyer."

Catherine lowered her head against the wind and held on to the little green hat atop her auburn curls. Moss green they called it; she liked the color, it went well with her eyes. Catherine Andrews wasn't pretty but she had wide gray-green eyes and lovely hair and her clothes were always well chosen and attractive. She had come a long way since the day she entered law school in the face of her parents' objections.

All during the ride to school, on that first day she thought about her father's words. "A lawyer—but Catherine, whatever put that idea into your head? Law is not a profession for a woman. People just won't hire a woman for a long court case. You'll get wills and estates, sure, but nothing important. You'll be a carbon copy of every other woman in the profession. Cath dear, be sensible." In the end he had consented. He could do nothing else. She had made up her mind.

There had been less opposition from her mother. "Your future is for you to decide dear," she said softly, "but whatever you decide to do, do it well."

Catherine had reached the jail now. She hurried through the revolving doors and into the elevator. She thought of another elevator ride she had taken a few years before. When the doors slid open she had stepped out and there it was, her office. Gradually people had come bringing contracts, estates and minor court cases. But as more people brought her their work, Catherine became more and more discouraged. She was beginning to think her father had been right. She was fast becoming a carbon copy.

Catherine had been sitting at her desk preparing a will when Judge Raymond called. "I was impressed by the way you handled your last few cases Miss Andrews. I've recommended you as counsel for George Linden. He's charged with killing Joe Lance . . . says it was self defense."

Catherine stepped out of the elevator

and walked toward the reception desk. The guard pushed the visitor's register toward her and held out a pen. "Who'd you want to see?" he said shortly.

"I'd like the counsellor's register please. I'm George Linden's lawyer."

"His lawyer . . . you . . . but he's charged with murder."

"I'm quite aware of that," Catherine shot back, "now if you don't mind I'd like to see my client."

"Yes, of course . . . um . . . counsellor." Catherine's face flushed at the sarcasm in his voice.

"Calm down," she told herself. "this is no time for emotion."

"How do you do, Miss Andrews. Judge Raymond recommended you highly," said George Linden as he was brought into the conference room. "I know that almost anyone charged with a crime insists he's innocent but when I tell you my story I'm sure you'll be convinced. You see, my story is true."

Catherine was impressed by the serenity of the man who sat opposite her. She glanced at his well manicured hands resting easily on the table. A picture flashed through her mind. The model prisoner, yes, that was it. He even lent distinction to the colorless prison clothes. As he spoke his eyes never once met hers.

"Miss Andrews, I understand Peter Holland is going to prosecute. He has quite a reputation."

Peter Holland! She'd forgotten about him. He does have quite a reputation," Catherine thought. "I've always admired him; he fights for what he believes is right." Then she said aloud. "If you're innocent, Mr. Linden, we'll win."

"Very well. I'll tell you what happened as clearly as I can. I killed Joe Lance all right. I had to or he would have killed me. I owed him some money for a gambling debt. He said he'd forget it if I did some work on the accounts of his export firm. I refused."

"Catherine broke in. "How much did you owe him?"

"Five thousand dollars . . . I couldn't tell my wife . . . she said if I started to gamble again she'd leave me. So I agreed to pay Joe Lance in small sums every two weeks. Yesterday when I went

to make the final payment he was still trying to convince me to fix his books. When I refused he became furious and came after me. We fought. I grabbed the knife from him and stabbed him . . . I had to or I'd be dead now."

Catherine sat silent for a moment facing the self-possessed man. "He seems sincere," she thought. "he isn't nervous—but that's no guarantee he's innocent. His story is perfectly logical. Everyone knows Joe Lance's reputation for getting his own way. But his eyes . . . why won't he look at me? Catherine Andrews, stop it! You weren't going to be a carbon copy, remember! Stop depending on your feminine intuition. Be objective."

"I'm sure we're going to win," she said aloud. "regardless of Mr. Peter Holland."

"Thank you, Miss Andrews. I'm very grateful." Did she detect a note of smugness in his voice or was it just her feminine intuition working overtime again?

"I'll need something definite. Have you any records of your debt?" "You'll find everything in the files at my office. I believe in keeping detailed records. I have nothing to hide."

"Thank you Mr. Linden. I'll be back tomorrow. Guard, I'm ready to leave."

Catherine left the jail and started slowly back toward her office. She stopped at a little restaurant on the corner for a cup of coffee. As she sat at one of the smaller tables she remembered Peter Holland. His picture stared up at her from the bottom of a full page story on the Lance killing.

"Mr. Peter Holland," Catherine read. "will prosecute the case. Mr. Holland is well known for his brilliance in the courtroom but as he has frequently remarked. "If you're right, you'll win." His brilliance in the courtroom . . . yes, he was brilliant. Catherine had learned much from watching him. "But I'm right. I know I am. I will succeed. I have to."

The trial had been in progress for two days when Catherine stopped at Judge Raymond's chambers on her way to lunch. He shook her hand firmly. "I'm certainly glad I'm not on the bench for this case. I never would have be-

lieved any woman could do so well. When a prosecuting attorney calls all of a man's files into evidence you can be sure he's stalling for time. Peter Holland is heading for his first fall. After this you'll have quite a reputation my dear."

"I'm grateful for your confidence Judge. I believe Mr. Linden is innocent. It's easy to win when you're right. I'm on my way to pick up Mr. Linden's personal file now. It's the only one I haven't had a chance to examine."

Catherine left the court and went across the street to Mr. Linden's office building. When she reached the office she called out. "Miss Harris, I'd like to look at Mr. Linden's personal file."

"Here you are Miss Andrews," said the small, wiry woman as she handed Catherine an envelope marked "Personal." "If there is anything that puzzles you, just ask. I know every scrap of paper in this office . . . except maybe something from two weeks ago when I was out sick—the first time in eight years."

Catherine sat down and began sorting the papers. "There's nothing much here, Mr. Holland won't . . ." her voice trailed off. She sat staring at the bit of yellow paper in her hand. Without a word Catherine gathered up the other papers, put them into her briefcase and left the office.

The wind stung her face and Catherine realized that she was out on the street. She walked blindly forward and almost fell over two little boys arguing loudly in the middle of the sidewalk. A gust of wind whipped the little green hat from her head and sent it skipping down the street. All Catherine could see was a little piece of yellow paper dated February 15, the day of Joe Lance's murder. A whirling maze of words ran through her mind. "I must succeed . . . quite a reputation my dear . . . I believe Mr. Linden. . . ."

Catherine crossed the street and sat down on a bench in the little park. She stared at the typewritten lines on the yellow carbon.

February 15, 1956

Dear Alice,

I couldn't let you know I was gamb-

ling again. I knew you'd leave me. Lance wouldn't stop with what I owed. He threatened to tell you but I can't pay another cent so I shall be obliged to upset his plans. I wanted you to hear it from me, Alice, not read it in the papers. It's for you Alice, because I love you.

George

". . . Obligated to upset his plans . . ." Catherine re-read the words. "What a fool I've been. It was murder, deliberate, premeditated murder. I was taken in by the calm, precise exterior of Mr. George Linden. He was so proud of his detailed records and his neat methodical habits. The habitual precision that caused him to make the yellow carbon had been his downfall. It will be mine, too, if Peter Holland ever gets his hands on this letter. Another triumph for the great Peter Holland. It's not fair! I put my heart into this case. I'm a fool for letting George Linden deceive me but if Mr. Holland gets this letter I'll be a failure as well—a fool and a failure."

Catherine's mind was working quickly now. Peter Holland called for all the Linden files. He knew nothing of the letter, she was sure of that. He had just taken a stab in the dark. Miss Harris didn't even know about the letter. She had been sick. It would be so easy. Her whole future depended on that letter.

"Whatever you do, do it well . . . no a profession for a woman . . . I will succeed." Her mind was racing now. She held the carbon copy in her hand as she walked back along the windy street toward the court.

\* \* \*

"New York, March 25—Peter Holland, the most promising, young prosecutor in the city brought the trial of George Linden, slayer of gangster Joe Lance, to a close today in a brilliant display of courtroom strategy. At a crucial moment when an acquittal seemed certain he called into evidence the Linden files containing a carbon copy of a highly incriminating letter which completely contradicted Linden's plea of self defense. Once again, justice has been meted out through the brilliant efforts of Mr. Peter Holland."

# Homecoming

EILEEN BRADY, '59

This Sunday morning was the way all Sunday mornings in all small towns must be. The sun had made its way across the eastern states and now this mid-western town was bathed in early morning light. Golden tones emanating from the tower of the red brick church near the center of town skipped out over the flat lands to meet the 8:17 from Los Angeles.

Only they greeted the soldier who stepped down into the long concrete station. He put down his bag and for a long moment stood quietly gazing down the empty tree-shaded street. With purposeful steps, born of habit, he headed down Platt Street. How wrong they all were, those people who said one place was like another. Korea was never like this, Michael Rhode knew. He had seen both.

Each shop he passed pulled out a new drawer of his mind and strewed its contents all over his memory. Baker's Florist, he had worked there one summer when he was in high school—and on the corner, his father's drugstore. They used to joke about that, and said they sure needed a drugstore with mom always so sick. But now she was well, that gentle white-haired lady. How he ached to see her.

Turning the corner he walked diagonally across the Common, walking faster now, barely nodding to a familiar face across the street. Up Chase two blocks, one block, and then he could see it. White frame, third from the corner—home.

He could contain himself no longer; breaking into a run, he turned into the flower-bordered driveway, bounded up the back steps and swung the screen door open. He stood framed in the doorway as his mother turned. She said nothing; she didn't have to; that was her son and this had been her dream for two long years.

He would never remember crossing the floor but suddenly she was holding him in her arms as she had when he was a little boy. The words came spilling out; he wanted to know everything. Where was dad—at church? How was she? How was Ellen? Did the Martins next door still have the ferocious Great Dane? She answered all these and innumerable others.

Finally she asked if Ellen knew he was coming. He laughed that she didn't. It would be a surprise.

"Ellen is such a nice girl," she reflected. "I hope you intend to settle down now, here in Whitville. Your dad needs you, you know."

"Don't worry, mom," he reassured her. "I'm home to stay."

"Well now that you've relieved my mind about that," she smiled, "don't you think you'd better go and let that girl of yours know you're home?"

He kissed her fondly, turned, and sprang down the back steps, almost as fast as he had come up them a short time before, heading in the direction of the Wilde house down the block, picturing to himself all the way the expression that would light up Ellen's face when she saw him.

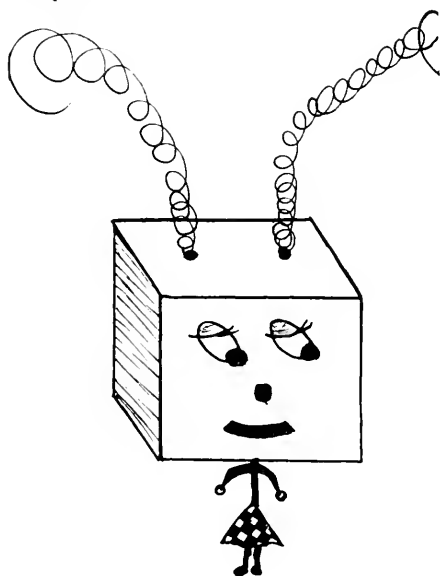
He noticed everything now, the new street sign, newly painted houses, and the Wilde's beautifully landscaped garden, marred now by the incongruity of the *Daily Star* peeking out of Mrs. Wilde's prize rose bush. With a sense of neatness common to all soldiers who have tough top sergeants, he reached over and gently removed it from the branch.

A picture in the left column caught his attention, a gentle white-haired lady—with large black type beneath it. "Local Matron Dies" . . . "Mrs. Stanley Rhode, wife of the local druggist, died late yesterday afternoon in the Whitville General Hospital . . ."

# Bride of The Atomic Age

MARGARET BELINDA JONES, '59

The more one learns, the more one wonders just how the human race has survived so long. From text books, newspapers, television programs, and from every kind of spontaneous prophet of doom we read, see, and hear the dangers to which we have been exposed, are being exposed to now, and can expect to be exposed to in the future. It's all very terrifying. Obviously, the world is a fearsome place, and if we sidestep one calamity, we veer off directly into the path of another.



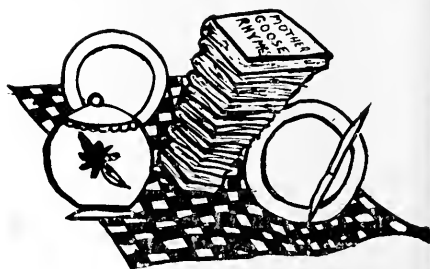
It's not just war and insidious subversive activities. It's everything we have come to accept as making up our way of life. It makes us feel like diving into bed and pulling the covers high over our heads—but even that's not safe, for the demon jugglers of figures (Arabic, of course) tell us that more people die in bed than anyplace else.

Some of this philosophy of impending doom began a while back—way, way back when some of us were trying

swan dives out of our cribs. We remember that one of our grandparents, holding stoutly to tradition, thought that every tyke should be taught the Mother Goose rhymes and started to give a rendition of them. The lesson was abruptly terminated. It took us years to find out why, but it finally developed that a younger, pedagogical member of the family had quoted the then new theory that the psychology behind the Mother Goose rhymes was dangerous, that it would do terrible things to the young mind. Confidentially, the rhymes were bootlegged to us anyway.

Now we hear graver things that threaten our physical as well as mental (there we go boasting) well-being.

There was a time when the girl about to be married had to think of only a few things (provided she had a bridegroom and other "little" essentials lined up) such as rehearsing for the Nuptial Mass, sending the invitations out on time, and well, a few dozen more things. When she was assembling that bridal outfit, she merely repeated that traditional rhyme, "Something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue," and she was all set. She was sure to be happy if she had those items all ready on the glorious day. Now it seems that tradition is not enough. Unless she procures one more item, she'd do much better to forge to mail those invitations; they might bring back presents that would ruin her





health. I repeat, some of her presents might turn out to be fatal.

If you don't believe me, consult back issues of the infallible *New York Times*. You'll discover that the greatest need—the most essential accessory to a happy and healthy marriage is a Geiger counter. Oh yes, you've just got to use it on those lovely sets of lustre ware—whether it comes from Jensen of Fifth Avenue, Ovington's, or Klein's on the Square. Why? Because, some of that lovely glaze happens to be made out of radioactive material.

Bootlegged Mother Goose rhymes to

the contrary, we can read how a nuclear physicist, who always feels just naked without his Geiger counter had it sitting on the kitchen table one day in his Los Alamos home during his noontime repast when a package was delivered from the local chinaware emporium. No sooner had the package been deposited on the table than the Geiger counter began chattering like mad. His wife's entreaties notwithstanding, he took one of the plates to be analyzed. That was it.

So, we're no longer safe in our own kitchen. Atoms for peace, hah!

## Reflection On My Love

BEATRICE BASILI, '58

*We must have lived apart once,  
And yet, I can't remember  
When the sun did not cast down  
Her rays, or the moon bring not  
Her silver.  
How long is this eternity,  
In which the wonders of this world,  
Are brought like fairy gifts  
To my own arms to rest  
And lie there, heeded not  
But by the very breath by which I live.  
Can there be time, in which  
We were not as we are  
But were dim shadows of the future that is now,  
If this be so, was there not  
Life, then, as it is now,  
And yet, I can't recall  
That darkness, that dread of night  
When alone in my shadows of reality  
There was not you.*

# Self-Dependence

BARBARA GERMACK '58

Something is wrong with modern man. One need only look and see the wanton destruction and utter degradation that characterize our lives. One sees a society ravaged by war, between brothers, between nations. Ours is indeed a world torn asunder by strife and pestilence. Why is this so? In individual instances, we may give reasons, but ultimately, "Why?"

Man today is caught in a web of his own weaving. In the bustle of modern life, he often neglects to realize that he is more than a material being. Sometimes this materialism, or the supposed urgency of day-to-day existence, comes into contact with the spiritual and more fundamental aspect of man's nature. There ensues what in modern idiom is known as a crisis.

But why is this especially prevalent today? In society, the trend is definitely materialistic. To get ahead in any field is man's driving ambition. To attain this elusive end he must not stand out or be eccentric; to fuse one's personality with that of the crowd is man's chief aim. It is the vicious circle of keeping up with the Jones no matter how much one dislikes them. In effect, man is so subservient to the other's opinion, that nothing else really matters. It makes no difference that in so doing he is eventually destroying himself.

Man is also afraid of being alone—the apparent standard of failure. He must always be doing something no matter how superfluous or unnecessary.

But actually what is loneliness? Is it fear of one's self? Of being alone with one's own faults and failings? Or rather, on the negative side, is loneliness fear of what others think? Perhaps loneliness is a combination of all these.

However, this should not be. For being alone is in itself good; it can be a time of fruitful contemplation and interior recollection. It can be an op-

portunity of developing one's innermost gifts, ultimately more important than any material gain. The constructive physical state of being alone should not be allowed to develop into the destructive mental state of loneliness.

This does not mean to infer that we should become "ivory tower" individuals, stoically shunning society. For men are made for each other, to help each other in gaining their final goal. What, then, is the answer? The Greeks of old had an adage which has an especial pertinence today, "Know Thyself." What a store of wealth this holds, for therein lies the secret of modern man's existence. This does not imply a mere superficial scanning, but rather a thorough interior searching into what we really are and really possess. Gradually, then, man will experience an awakening of his true potentialities.

However, this involves some thinking, a habit so difficult, yet so fruitful. To some degree, modern man has forgotten how to think, being immersed in a deluge of printed opinions, explanations, and the like.

Once tried, nonetheless, it can lead to our becoming a little more independent of others and a little more dependent on ourselves. This interior peace is no an instantaneous product; it is the result of living for one's self, of being able to stand on one's own two feet, and of saying "no," when it may sometime hurt. This is indeed self-dependence—finding within one all the requisites for a truly happy existence. Only then will man become an entity in his own right with a definite sense of personal integrity.

But this is only natural perfection to form a well-integrated personality; something more vital is needed. For eventually man tends to transcend the purely physical and reach out to the spiritual plane. The ultimate answer

herefore, is God. Our relations with Him are most important, not only because of our final goal, but because of the Supreme Goodness of God in Himself. Here rests the key to our whole and total existence; possessing this, all incidentals will become merely secondary and assume their rightful place. In such a position, man will be able to see things in their proper perspective and give a happy balance to the spiritual and material, thereby molding a fuller individual.

Nor will it end here. It will extend to others, for by nature, man must give. And there is something he can give—something positive and unique which only he himself possesses. It can be just a smile, but the warmth behind it can make others feel so vibrant and wonder-

ful. It can be a little consideration for the other fellow accepting him for what he is, not for what we can get out of him. If one does things because he means them and not just to float along on the tidal wave of human opinion, wouldn't the world be more genuine and less shallow? When one is interiorly happy, doesn't this literally "flow over?"

However there will still be the same, ever-present problems, besetting society. What are we to do, reach out and influence all? Ultimately, yes. But the zeal of the reformer must start from within. For once man has learned his own values, then only can he help others. Truly, self-dependence is man's greatest and most powerful asset.

## To A Young Poet

VIRGINIA MOSCA '57

*Like some young conqueror  
With heart midway  
The world and the spirit,  
You view each universe  
Looking for that gentle mean  
Where real and ideal embrace.  
A dream in search of words  
With ordained hands you draw.  
Look not without, but in,  
And let the anguish of life  
Find in your heart-beat  
A voice to speak.  
Not yet have you cried out  
To find the strength in tears.  
Nor has some passion for truth  
Made you blaspheme the idols  
That man has made for man  
To break his love upon.  
Young lord, turn each universe o'er,  
In neither is the secret grove  
Where real and ideal chance to kiss;  
Only in the holocaust of soul  
Seeing the flames in flight.  
Will your dream and words unite.*

# LORIA STAFF

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<i>Editor-in-Chief</i> .....	ANNE BUCKLEY, '57
<i>Art Editor</i> .....	ANITA LA FEMINA, '57
<i>Fiction Editor</i> .....	FRANCES BRACKEN, '57
<i>Articles and Essays Editor</i> .....	JOAN COSTA, '57
<i>Poetry Editor</i> .....	BEATRICE BASILI, '58
<i>Business Manager</i> .....	CAROL HADEK, '56

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 BARBARA GERMACK, '58  
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 EMILIA LONGOBARDO, '59  
 PATRICIA HENRY, '59  
 MARY MARGARET FARLEY, '59  
 MARGARET JONES, '59  
 JUDY CALLAHAN, '58  
 PEGGY CONNORS, '58

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 GEORGIANA HAYES, '59  
 ANGELINA ALBANESE, '59

## introducing the contributors to LORIA

FRANCES BRACKEN, '57

Each morning I pass a newsstand and the same newsman calls out in a parrot-like voice. "What ya read? What ya read?"

People say every incident somehow affects you. I'm beginning to see the truth in it, for when thinking of how to introduce the contributors to LORIA, I found myself in an owl-like manner saying, "Who do you read? Who do you read?" Probably the people who stop at the newsstand automatically reach for the TRIBUNE, TIMES or JOURNAL, but if you are not so mechanical, may I make some suggestions.

ANNE BUCKLEY'S editorial provides provocative thought. Her poem "Stevee Cod" lends that Conrad atmosphere of sea and salt air.

BEATRICE BASILI, in fear of "going native" while on her winter vacation

ly deposited her poem in the hands of LORIA editors before she left.

A sophomore English major, CAROL BOASI, is introduced for the first time to LORIA readers. Carol reveals her lyrical talent in her poem, "We Are In Him".

Women are the center of attention in DIANA BONETTI's column, "What's in a Book".

FRANCES BRACKEN provides some "escape literature" for this issue with her article "Holiday".

EILEEN BRADY, a freshman and new contributor to LORIA, makes her first appearance in print, sporting a story with an O. Henry touch.

JUDY CALLAHAN, an English major, who is naturally interested in books, reveals her insight into the character and work of Tolstoi.

Receiving her inspiration from Keats, ROSE ANN CONNOLLY wrote "The Journey" for this issue.

The LORIA staff welcomes back PEGGY CONNORS. Peggy's fine artistry is seen in her illustration of the poem "Stevee Cod".

JOAN COSTA, whose usual interest is strictly factual, writes a story for this issue of LORIA. It's original and intriguing so don't be fooled by the title, "Carbon Copy".

MARY MARGARET FARLEY, a freshman and a very busy artist on the LORIA staff, illustrated "Bride of The Atomic Age", and "Importance".

BARBARA GERMACK'S article "Self-Dependence" proves that all sophomores are not "wise fools" for Barbara's comments show thoughtful introspection.

PAT GIBBONS is introduced to LORIA readers for the first time. Her story "Importance" is one of mystery.

A unique and very human portrayal of St. Joseph is represented by PAT HENRY in her story "The Innocents". Pat also wrote a poem for this issue called "Purgation".

CAROL HADEK, business manager of LORIA, put her mathematical knowledge to good use by handling the finances for this issue as she has done in the past.

MARGARET JONES, keenly aware of modern problems, writes amusingly about them in her article, "Bride of The Atomic Age".

PEGGY KEARNEY, a Junior who seemed to be "publication shy" till now, contributes her first story and poem in this issue.

ANITA LA FEMINA, whose artistic ability is well known to LORIA readers designed the cover. Anita is also responsible for literally "getting LORIA printed".

EMILIA LONGOBARDO, is a hard-working staff member of LORIA. For this issue, Emilia contributed a poem plus her article on a monster of the iron age.

BARBARA MORRISON, is a history major who tends to be a lover of literature as well. Barbara writes of one of her favorite poets, Gerard Manley Hopkins.

GINNY MOSCA once more contributes a poem to an issue of LORIA. Ginny writes "To a Young Poet".

A chemistry major who probably received her inspiration while on the way home from "lab", LEONORE RAGUSA writes of "Thoughts on Night".

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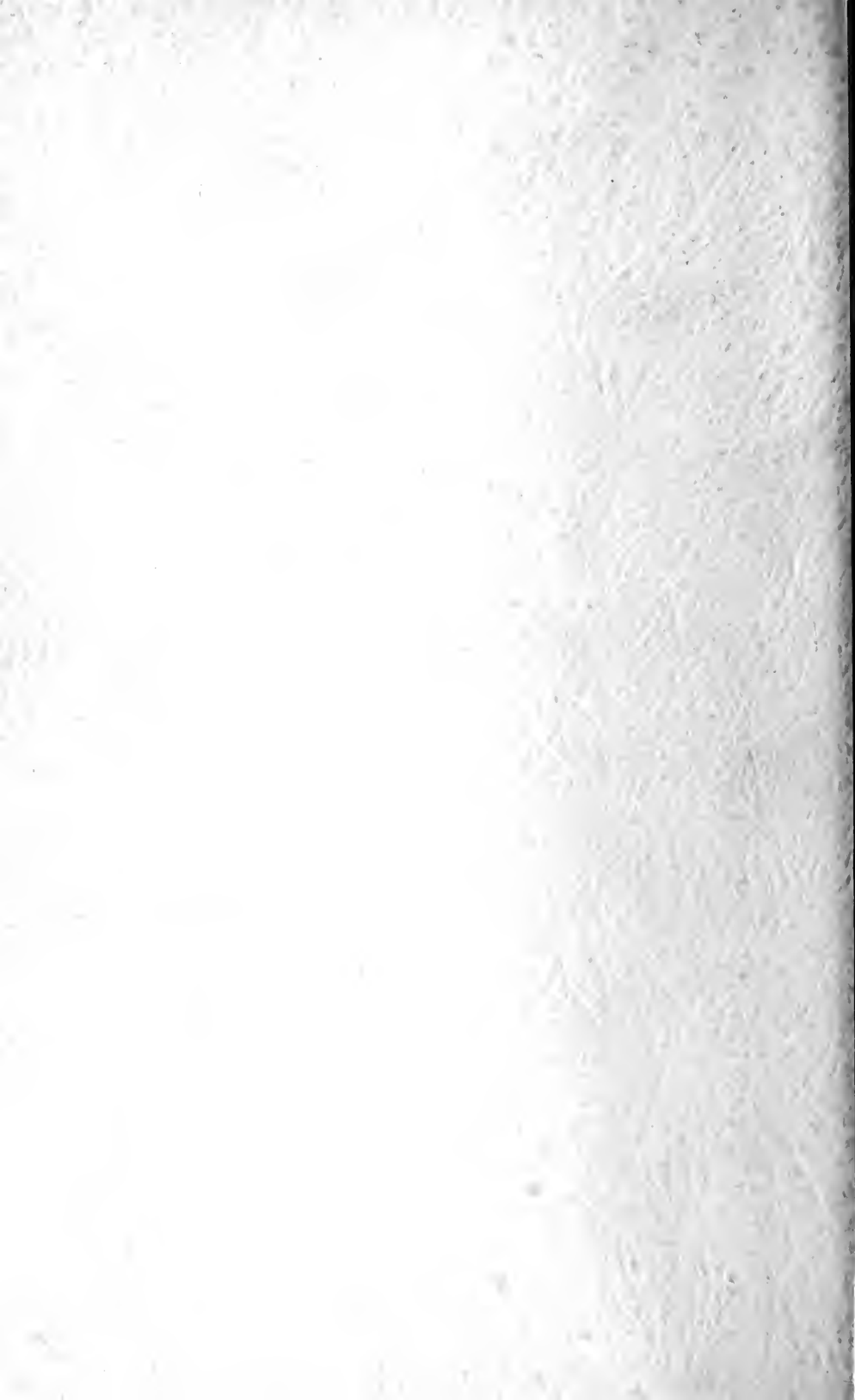
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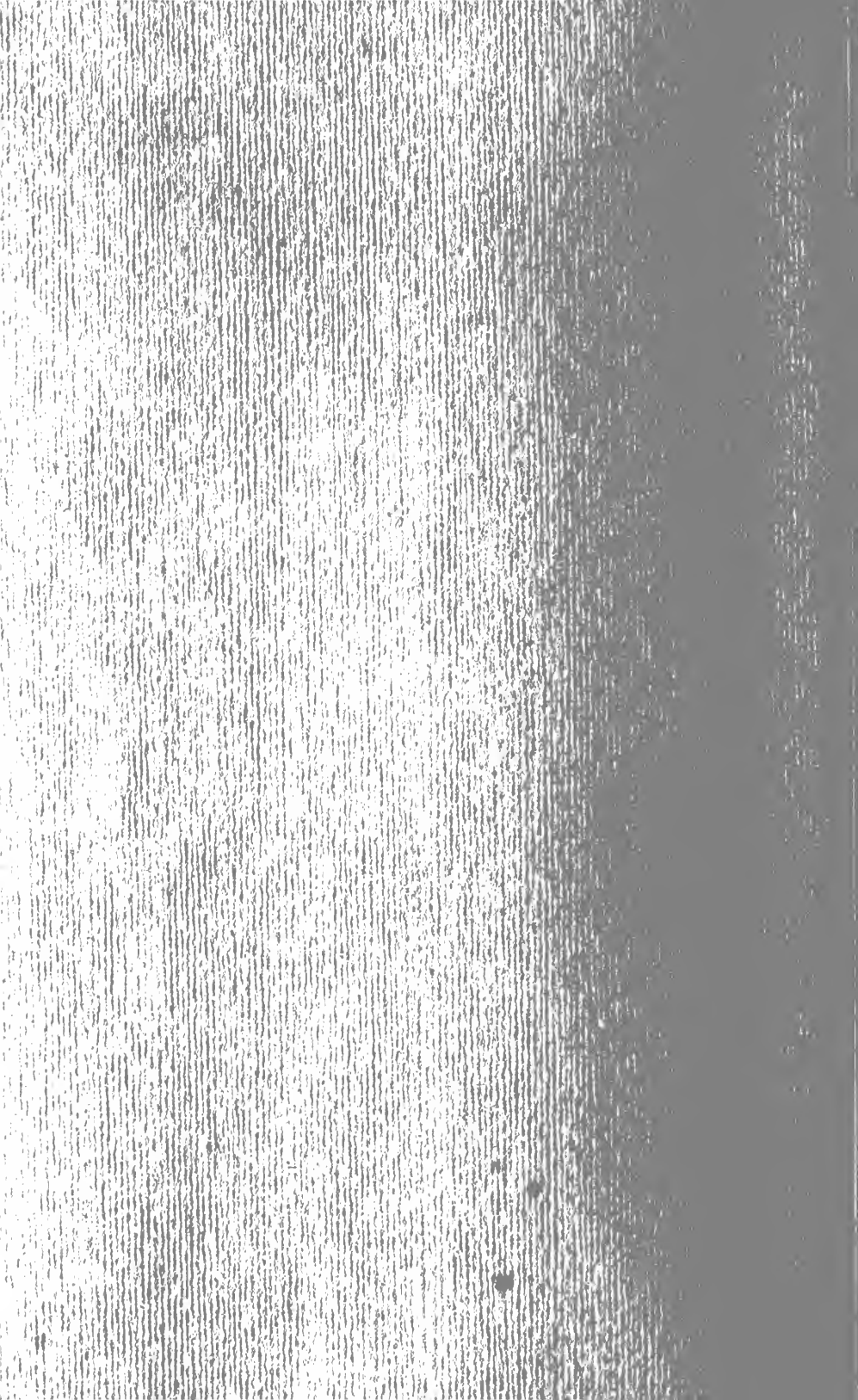


ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN



# L O R I A

SPRING 1956



*Litterae Oblectamen Remaneat In Aeternum*

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# A Lover And A Lass

ANITA LA FEMINA, '57

My heart leaped for joy when I heard Nancy say, "Fine Jane, we'll expect you about six o'clock. 'Bye now." This meant only one thing—the Summers were coming for dinner. I was so excited at this thought that breakfast was no longer appealing. As I rushed out of the dining room, Nan called after me but I didn't heed her. There was no time to waste.

The brisk morning air felt good as I raced toward Featherbed Lane. There I found Smitty nonchalantly seated under the huge elm tree—his favorite haunt. He enjoyed spending hours at this quiet, restful spot, free from the hectic schedule of the wearisome day. Smitty was my best friend and confidant. I could hardly wait to tell him the good news.

"Well, aren't we exuberant on this fine day! A touch of spring fever no doubt," he exclaimed as I approached him.

"Smitty! Smitty! You'll never guess what's happened!"

"Not if you're so certain that I won't. Don't stand there. Tell me!"

Despite his usual reserved manner, he seemed to be a bit perplexed at my excitement.

"She's coming tonight."

"Who are you talking about?"

"You know. That cute little dream with the honey-colored hair that I met last year at Jane's house."

"Oh yes, I certainly remember. How can I forget that incident." Smitty looked askance as if to say I wouldn't

tamper with her again. No telling what might occur this time.

"She wouldn't dare to do that again. She is so refined now."

"I'm not so sure. Women are very temperamental. If I were you, I'd be on my guard."

"I'll take my chances. I'm thrilled to have another opportunity to really prove myself. Let's see. It's eleven o'clock. I have seven hours to get myself ready."

"I wish you luck. Well, I better go home now. The folks are out shopping and I should keep an eye on things."

"So long, pal. I'll tell you all tomorrow."

The sun never shone so gloriously as it did today. The rustling of the leaves in the cool, spring breeze seemed like a chorus of angels serenading me as I floated home.

"Where've you been? I was so worried! You dashed out of the house so frantically." I gazed serenely at Nan unable to communicate my sentiments. She shook her head knowingly. I guess she understood.

Immediately I went upstairs to get everything set. It was scarcely past noon but I couldn't take any risks that might ruin my plans. I thought I'd show her my collections. They would surely astonish her and I would easily be in her good graces. I even rehearsed every word that I would utter.

In what was apparently a short interval. I heard the clock strike five. This catapulted me into action. I

combed my hair until it was gleaming. I had that *Vitalis* look, and I was the quintessence of perfection.

I slowly descended the stairs and I could hear my heart beat louder and faster. I went directly to the living room and sat in a casual place. My anticipation was killing me.

Suddenly the doorbell rang. I hurried to answer but Nan got there first. It was only Tommy, the freckled-faced newsboy, delivering the evening papers.

However, I didn't leave the door. I could barely contain my excitement. In a few minutes, the bell rang. This is it, I thought.

"How are you dear," exclaimed both Jane and Pete.

"Wonderful, thanks," replied Nan.

"It's good to see you again."

While these greetings ensued, I caught a glimpse of her. She was radiant; her blue bow looked stunning in her hair. I edged myself over intending to greet her very cordially, and it happened again. I was amazed. I felt my nose stinging. She bit me again. I was never so humiliated. So that's the way it's going to be. Smitty was right. I've wasted my time and energy. She'll always retain this attitude towards me. Quickly, Jane picked her up and said, "Forgive me, Nan. Trixie is very emotional!"

Nan caressed my slightly bruised nose and I retreated to my bed—disappointed in love. Ah me! A dog's life is becoming exceedingly difficult to endure.

## ANTITHESIS

EMILIA C. LONGOBARDO, '59

*Today I watched a nation live  
Its daily life;  
I saw it  
Pumping the huge heart of industry,  
Quieting the sobs of a tiny babe.  
Cramming in knowledge from many books,  
Hurling a ball across a playing field.  
I saw this nation's people  
Working, playing, laughing —  
Hoping a hope  
Unfounded in reality  
Breathing a breath they thought to be  
A breath of freedom  
And prosperity.  
Clutching each passing second  
With a smile  
Pretending not to be perturbed by  
The lurking foe.*

*Tomorrow I'll watch a nation die  
A gruesome death;  
I'll see it  
Toiling and sweating for no return,  
Betraying loved ones in despair,  
Fearing to think a non-conforming thought,  
Dragging the chains of terror and of doubt.  
I'll see what once were humans  
Hating, decaying, dying —  
Crying a cry  
Unanswered save by mockery,  
Imbibing the filth they know to be  
Their own ideals  
Rotting before them,  
Making one last piteous effort  
To rebel  
Then groaning, as they're trampled on  
And crushed.*

# Crystalline Soliloquy

KERRY SULLIVAN, 2

*If I were a princess, fluxen haired, regal  
fragile as a chime and as meaningless  
scuffling about a castle in slippers of glass  
spinning a gossamer confection  
spurning gallant knights  
my gaze aloof and frosted, my heart dead,  
I would run my fingers through my diamonds  
as though I were sifting ash,  
laugh my hollow mirthless royal laugh,  
play with destiny, tempt fate,  
wait for a prince, any prince,  
the heir of any king.  
Flowers would wither at my touch,  
shriveled brittle fragmentary petals  
fall to my feet in loveless awe of  
sceptres, spectres, coronets,  
of gleamless gems in diadems,  
of wizened, insipid monotony.  
Though shorn of sorrow, devoid of wrath,  
immune to love's bittersweet sting,  
an idle, insensitive cipher like me,  
my shell of a man would come  
no slayer of dragons, no singer of odes,  
a purveyor of crystal dancing slippers,  
shallow, rapacious, and trapped in a snare,  
a princess, a princely identity.  
If I were a princess, pain deprived, fettered,  
held by diaphonous shackles of gold  
affecting a fetish of tears for diversion  
disdaining but ermined fantasies  
effacing dreams of tarnished themes  
but silently secretly lonely,  
I would fret to escape and chafe at my bonds  
until they frayed and freed me,  
abandon a throne for tears that are real,  
and a now and then slipper of glass,  
flee from a crown, content to be me,  
search for a prince of laughter and life,  
of latent, invisible majesty, and  
I would find my prince in an everyday man,  
where he was meant to be.*

# Apologia Pro Jazz

PAT HENRY, '59

America is known throughout the world as the Land of the Free. She cries out to the four corners of the world "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." And those same huddled masses answer her call—about one-hundred fifty thousand of them a year.

But there is one man who did not come to America to breathe free. He came in 1619 to be a slave. His skin was black and his heart was sad, and it took America more than two-hundred years to make him free. Out of the birth pangs of his freedom came a cry not unlike that of a new-born child. The cry was conceived in the dark of African jungle and carried in the soul of thousands of slaves. The labor of its birth was long and painful; it could be seen in the writhing of black bodies on white fields and heard in the moans of men and women in the long plantation nights. When it was finally born, as one author puts it, "nobody sent out cards announcing 'unto us a son is born'." But the cry made itself heard. It spread throughout Southern states and into the North—New York and Chicago, specifically—and out across the oceans. It became a unique contribution to the musical culture of the world. The cry is jazz.

As its mother we've given it quite an upbringing. Alternately, spasmodically, we've dressed it up and let it go naked; confined it and let it run wild; allowed it to use everything from New Orleans' brothels to Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan for its playpen. And, even if to some of us the honor is a dubious one, it is the glory of America and the Negro people to have been its parent.

The cry saw its first days in New Orleans in the latter days of the nineteenth century. Travelers who witnessed its primary expression have given us vivid descriptions of Sunday afternoons in the famous Congo Square of New Orleans' French Quarter. The slaves,

dressed in their Sunday best, danced to the rhythms of homemade drums. Men and women stamped their feet and twisted their bodies in continuous movement hour after hour, often into the night. All the long week they labored in the fields. Now, on Sunday, in the pulse of this unifying rhythm, they spoke to one another of their days and nights, of their joys and sorrows, of the laughter of their children. The stone breakers made tunes with strongly accented beat; the water boys, shoulders stooped low, howled long, swelling wails.

All of these sounds and movements, mingled with the popular French quadrille music of the day, began to work toward a crystallization. Celebrations of any and every sort began to call for appropriate music. Men scrimped every penny to buy the coveted instruments that only the rich could really afford. Various dives on the waterfront of New Orleans began to hire the Negro bands—they were cheaper than the whites. Thus society—in the person of its low-life—was exposed to the Dixieland Jazz Band and a new kind of music. The most famous of these pioneer bands was called "Stale Bread's Spasm Band." The Spasm Band journeyed up and down the Mississippi river bed, playing in saloons, theatres and even in the Grand Opera House, a big resort in New Orleans. They advertised themselves as the "Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band" and gave their audiences a razzy dazzy show, shouting "hi-de-hi" and "ho-de-ho" and carrying on in the manner held up as typical of modern jazz artists. Another group of the same type was taken by a Mr. Joseph Gorham to Chicago to play in a dance hall. They were, after the initial shock, a great success, and traveling on to New York in 1916, established themselves and jazz as a type of music by 1918. The most staid white people in the northeast found much to their embarrassment that "hot jazz" had them tapping their feet and thrilling to

the exultant blare of brasses. Like a teenage girl who's just discovered she's growing up, jazz kicked up its heels, put on the warpaint and completely captivated those observing it.

During the time of war and prohibition, jazz became the opium of the people. American soldiers in European trenches yelled "Eat, drink, and be jazzy, for tomorrow ye die!" And Europeans, at first cautious, soon took America's baby to their hearts. In France, especially, jazz had a field day. French composers, such as Milhaud and Stravinsky, wrote jazz pieces and incorporated jazz into serious music. And, in Europe and in America, jazz was getting hotter and hotter. Its critics were many and strong. They considered jazz music uncivilized, vulgar, even salacious. "Hot" music was still the tramp of the musical world and it seemed as if it would always be just that.

But one night an elite audience gathered in New York's Aeolian Hall to witness a program entitled "An Experiment in Modern Music." It was February 12, 1924. As the curtain rose, a three-hundred pound man named Paul Whiteman mounted the podium. He and his musicians were clad in stud shirts and tails, proper attire for the rendering of a formal concert. As the audience looked over the program, puzzled, skeptical, something seemed to be in the air. Whiteman had been in several jazz bands, and as he took his pre-concert bows, he had a queer expression on his face.

Slowly, and with dignity, Whiteman's orchestra exploded a musical bomb in Aeolian Hall. They performed for the first time George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. It was jazz—the audience knew it was jazz—and it was hauntingly beautiful and thrilling. Paul Whiteman sold jazz to the First Estate.

By "hot" standards, Whiteman's music was not real jazz. It was a concession to the public—the little tramp from New Orleans dressed up in a ball gown that didn't fit at all. Nevertheless, symphonic jazz as a link between classical and hot music has won an abiding place for itself. It has gained a home

for jazz in the concert hall and the opera. There is no man in the world today who can say, for instance, that Bizet wrote better opera than Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*. It would be the same as saying that Wagner wrote better stuff than Puccini or vice versa—ridiculous.

While Whiteman and Gershwin were turning the concert stage upside-down, the "real" jazz artists were evolving a simpler kind of music that came to be known as "sweet." Unlike symphonic jazz it retained the swing characteristics of ragtime, but was a softer, muted sound. Introduced by Guy Lombardo, Fred Waring, Rudy Valee, Vincent Lopez, and others like them, it first brought into the spotlight the little god of the teenager—the crooner. Theirs was a sort of "jazz" a la mode." It was inhibited music, ragtime in a gilded cage, possessing little of the "let's go" of earlier days. But "The People" liked it for its soft sentimentality.

Some of the people though, the "orthodox" musicians, yearned to get back through the grandeur and schmaltz to the rollicking play of hot jazz. Swing music was their answer to the challenge that jazz was in its decadence. Swing is not precisely like hot jazz in that it is not totally spontaneous sound. There is a theme, a tune, provided by a composer. The idea is to vary the theme as much as possible. Each musician plays the theme as he feels it himself—herein is spontaneity. As the solo "swings" from trumpet to sax to clarinet, the music gets hotter and hotter. Coloratura soprano singing, according to some, is simplicity itself when compared to the acrobatics of a trumpet or a clarinet in the hands of a Louis Armstrong or a Harry James. By the time the drums take over, New Orleans' child is back again having the time of its life. Its newest playmates were Louis Armstrong—universally acknowledged King of Jazz—Harry James, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Gene Krupa, Duke Ellington, Stuff Smith, Bix Beiderbecke and countless other great "addicts." Its playground was, and is now, New York City.

Here is an account of the performance



of a modern swing band, as told by Mr. Gilbert Seldes:

*"I have heard a swing band rise step by step in speed and tone, repeating some thirty or forty bars of music until it seemed that it would be impossible to listen any longer. Yet that was only the beginning and it was only after the music had reached apparently its extreme limits that the really expert work began and the effects were multiplied by geometric progression; in this sort of thing. The idea of a climax followed by a lower pitch and a quiet ending could not exist. When the leader was exhausted he said 'close' and abruptly a shattering silence followed."*

Swing and its apparent lack of order and discordant sound is the perfect reflection of our present day world. There is tension in the world and there is tension in swing. As it brings the tension out into the open, a relief, an assuagement, is sure to follow. A jazz musician, and even a spectator, is not an individual with individual problems. He is one of a group, losing his identity in the pulse of the group. He feels this music in every pore, and just as an alcoholic, he staggers home after a

performance, and often wakes up in the morning with a hangover.

There are few things as exciting as watching a modern jazz band in action. However, most of us have confined our experience with jazz to listening to it on phonograph records. A common pastime among young people is to gather at some one of their homes to listen to, to discuss, to enjoy jazz at its technical best. The only thing missing is the visual excitement, and the imagination can usually take care of that. Phonograph records have borne jazz all over the world; Frenchmen and Indians, Cubans and Japanese listen to Les Elgart and Glenn Miller as seriously as do we. And books and essays appear in countless tongues criticising, praising, evaluating jazz as a genuine contribution to music.

America's child has definitely won for itself a niche in the shelves marked "The Arts." Dressed up, dressed down, hot, symphonic, sweet and swing, it is the laughter, cries and tears of the Land of the Free. It is among our best good-will ambassadors abroad. Most of all, and best of all, it has done more to cement good relations between the white and negro people of the United States than one hundred years of laws and constitutional amendments. When someone "hears America singing," the song is Jazz.

## The Moment of a Meeting

CAROL BOASI, '58

*The smell of sweat was in the air;  
The bitter stench of blood was there.*

*A blasphemy from every tongue  
Was hurled with spit from out the throng.*

*Bore He on blades of shoulders bent  
The cumbrous Cross from heaven sent.*

*There was a moment of no pain  
When Mary to her Son's side came.*

*No word she spoke, no hand let she  
Upon her Son rest soothingly.*

*For Him her face was strength to see;  
This thought led Him up Calvary.*

# A Survey At Saint Joseph's

JOAN COSTA, '57

The Catholic College occupies a unique position among institutions of learning. It sets for itself a more comprehensive goal, a richer aspiration than the mere development of an intellectual system. The wisdom of God is combined with the wisdom of man into a unity which the Catholic College attempts to impart to its students. It is the concept of this unity which is important. The intellectual life and the religious life cannot exist side by side: they must be interwoven, combined as one. The success of this endeavor can be measured only by the degree to which it has become an integral part of the lives of the students.

Since 1921, the University of Notre Dame has taken an annual Religious Survey of its students in an attempt to aid the spiritual directors in their programs. A thorough and rather searching questionnaire has been devised to provide an honest and fairly complete picture of the religious life of the undergraduate.

Here at Saint Joseph's we have devised a similar questionnaire consisting of fifteen questions following the categories of the Notre Dame survey. We have inquired into the general background, the moral and intellectual lives of the students as well as their use of the sacraments. The answers here represent the opinions of about sixty students although the total number of replies to each question varies since some students did not answer every question.

These questions, have been answered honestly and after some thought. Possibly, as a result of them some of the students may have brought some of their ideas into clear focus and continued the questioning within themselves and have come to conclusions which will benefit them. These were the questions asked and a tabulation and sample of the answers received.

1. *Did you attend a Catholic High School?*

98% of the students questioned said yes.

2. *Did you choose Saint Joseph's yourself?*

63% said yes.

37% said no.

The most frequent answer given by those who said no was that their parents had chosen for them or had been an extremely strong influence in their choice.

3. *Do you regret your choice?*

Seven students said they do definitely regret their choice.

Two said "To a degree."

All others answered no.

4. *Are you a frequent communicant (weekly or oftener)?*

80% of the students questioned said yes.

Several others said that they are at least monthly communicants.

This is certainly a sign of the intrinsic goodness in our Catholic College students, a wholesome, strong sector of American youth with a high level of character development.

5. *Do you attend daily mass at the college or elsewhere?*

50% said yes.

6. *Do you attend daily holy hours?*

80% said no.

This function seems to be the least attended of all the religious activities here at the college. Many of the students say it is because of the time at which it is given. However, no other time suggestion was made.

7. *Has Saint Joseph's increased your fervor?*

67% said no.

Several students stated that Saint Joseph's had maintained their fervor or increased their knowledge of religion.

8. *How could the Theology classes be improved?*

"They should be made more practical rather than idealistic."

"They should be spread over eight terms."

"Don't teach us what we've already learned in high school."

"Use a little of the Jesuitical approach."

(It is presumed that the new Christocentric approach now used in many Jesuit Colleges is meant here)

"We should have better textbooks."

"There should be more discussion on the topic under consideration."

"Cut down on the outside reading."

9. *Do you find adequate opportunities for a wholesome social life here?*

92% of the students said no.

Several said that they felt the social life at Saint Joe's had improved tremendously in the past year.

10. *What is the principal external fault of Saint Joseph's students?*

"They're not hep."

"They're too different."

"They're too protected."

"They're pedantic rather than intelligent."

"They always complain."

"They lack school spirit."

"They're too proper."

These may not seem like very profound statements but they are real.

11. *What is their principal virtue?*

"Empathy"

"Studiosness"

"Friendliness"

"Discipline"

"Honesty"

"They're interested"

"They're charitable"

12. *Would you marry a non-Catholic?*

73% no.

10% I don't know, it would depend.

17% yes.

13. *What type of boy do you want to marry?*

"An average all-round Catholic who likes family life."

"Someone with a little more culture than the average Joe College who will be head of the family."

"A Catholic, smarter and more decisive than I."

"A Catholic, professional, all around person."

"Someone intelligent, understanding and smarter than I."

"Someone Irish."

"One who respects and loves me."

"Someone ambitious, understanding, idealistic, emotionally stable and practical."

"Someone who can stand on his own two feet."

14. *Do you have any other suggestions about college?*

"Be more social toward other colleges."

"More individual participation in student government."

"Have Friday night dances with nearby colleges."

"Bring in more lay faculty."

"Change G.A. to some morning."

"Give more cuts."

"Do not have exams begin the day after classes end."

15. *Do you take part in any parish activities?*

25% said yes.

75% said no.

This seems to uphold the point made in the editorial of last issue of *Loria*. Catholic College students are not sharing their special training with their community.

It may seem that these admittedly incomplete statistics could be of no value in giving a true picture of the religious life at Saint Joseph's. It is true that we cannot give a mathematically accurate measurement of religion but we can indicate general tendencies which give a fairly good idea of the religious atmosphere at the college. The peculiar problems which face the undergraduate today make the development of sound philosophic and religious values more difficult than ever. However, the straightforward answers which we have printed here indicate that the general trend of undergraduate thought is sound and vital, reflecting a high level of character development.

Perhaps this survey will cause some to reflect and encourage others. If it does, we are pleased.

# Idyll

KERRY SULLIVAN, '57

It began on a sultry day beside a restive sea. A mercurial thing, the sea, like a woman in many ways. The pulsating energy, the aboriginality of undisciplined emotion, how very like this woman.

The man was dispirited, inattentive to his wife's innocuous chatter. In an abortive attempt to focus his mind, he stared vacantly at first one whitecap, then another. The angular face contorted, skeletal fingers clenched and unclenched convulsively. This can't go on, he muttered, then gazed fixedly once more into the swirling, pounding motion of the sea.

Listen. Listen to the raging, roaring riotous, unrelenting fury. Stem the cacophony of her voice, her high-pitched, incessant voice. In the utterance of primitive, guttural sounds, he sought release from a torment that could not be compressed into the convention of word. Escape. Immerse yourself in the abysmal green wetness. Don't resist, you cannot resist; let the dullness, coldness, acuteness seep in and ossify the ravaged mind.

She was painting her fingernails an incongruous scarlet, holding the bottle of lacquer between her knees. Occasionally, she would wave the wet, sticky brush in emphasis, in an all inclusive gesture of momentary punctuation, and then the monologue would resume. How many hours had the droning, jarring, rattle been issuing from her? It was difficult to say. Years, days, eternities.

What was she saying now? Something, inescapably something. Clipped verbiage, smug tone, glib phraseology. "... a brilliant future, yes, that's what Mr. Barker said about you. If only you'd react—and you might at least pay a modicum of attention. I've been trying to tell you that Mr. Barker is interested, I mean really, vitally interested in what he's seen of your work. Why, only the other day, at that cock-

tail party the Moritzes gave for Laura. You know, they had that priceless waiter come down from the Harvard Club, and anyway, Mr. Barker simply raved, he really did, and I said . . ."

Yes, I can imagine the things you said about me. Impregnated with talent, oozing with genius, and of course, a brilliant future. Undeniably brilliant and lucrative. Yes, that's what you said as they patronized you knowingly. They all condescend so superbly and scurry back to The Street and forget. A brilliant future, of course, and oh, how ineffably stupid they are.

When she rose, he followed senselessly to the water's edge and watched as, coily, she poised one slim foot above the moist sand while spent wavelets skittered across the other. "Go on, get in there," he pushed her almost savagely. "Swim far out, past the breakers." The blatant sun acquiesced, following her into the sea. It was calm out there; the restlessness of the waters was strangely soothed. And his breathing could be controlled now, his actions deliberate. The water blanched and blackened. There was a slight pressure, imperceptible, then all was still.

Too silent, he choked, flinging himself on the harsh, grating sand. Was the sound of the sea intensified? Would those crescendos never cease? Still there, undiminished, mingling with an echo of peripatetic speech. "I said to Tess, well, really, why should she bother? But we must have them to dinner sometime soon, anyway. Have you been listening to anything I've said? Well, what can I expect . . ."

Shadows stretched along the sand and he stirred and sat up, eyes blazing. Stop that din, he shouted to an uncomprehending sky. Stop! Stop that racket! A wave surged, rose, and fell giddily, sonorously, to the beach. A second wave, still another. Stop it, I said!, and he was on his feet and running to

drive the waves from the strand. To grasp one in his fist and fling it mercilessly back. Running, plunging, gulping air, the salt spray stinging his face, whetting his fury, he raced to oblivion. Where is she? I must find her. I

know she's here. I left her here, she must be. Where you are, you, you . . . The passionate sea engulfed him in an ecstasy of violence. It began by the sea and ended there.

## THE PHALAROPE\*

BRINDA STACK, '56

*The phalarope—the shy and beautiful waterbird, glimpsed fleetingly, spasmodically.*  
*The phalarope—too elusive to describe, too painful to recall.*  
*The phalarope—too sudden in approach, too haunting in withdrawal.*

*“And the lieutenant said to himself, God have mercy upon me, Lord Jesus have mercy upon me.”*

*God have mercy upon all Pieter Van Vlaanderens, for what they are, for what they try to be, for what they might have been.*

*“The lieutenant smiled, and his dark face was suddenly lit up as though there were some lamp of the soul that turned off and on.”*

*God have mercy upon all unsmiling faces, for the love they are too shy to share, for the wonder of the smile that isn't there.*

*“For at this time I had one thought in my mind and that was to tell one human soul of the misery of my life, that I was tempted by what I hated, to seize something that could bring no joy. And yet, though my need was so great, I never spoke.”*

*God have mercy upon all words unspoken, for the happiness they might evoke, for the tragedy they might unbare.*

*“She seemed to have finished speaking, she did not look at him, he knew there would be tears in her eyes. For one moment, he thought he would comfort her, but rebelled against it.”*

*God have mercy upon all deeds deterred, for the longing that they might arrest, for the suffering that they might incur.*

*“I sat there in a great agony of mind, hungering for my youth, to have it all over again, and make it better.”*

*God have mercy upon all yesterdays, for what they were, for what they might have been, for what they'll never be.*

*“But the man could see no bird, for he was again moved in some deep place within, and something welled up within him so that he could neither see nor speak.”*

*God have mercy upon all eyes that cannot see, for what they may have overlooked, for what they saw that could not be.*

*God have mercy upon  
the phalarope  
that came at last, but came too late.*

\*The above is an impressionistic interpretation of Alan Paton's novel, *Too Late the Phalarope*.

# A Street Called St. Felix

PEGGY KEARNEY, '57

She parked her neat black Ford just where Lafayette crosses Flatbush Avenue, tried the doors before dropping the small packet of keys into her smart tote bag, and began the short walk to the professional building on Fort Greene Place where her dentist practiced. It was early, not even nine by the Williamsburg Bank clock. She walked slowly, conscious of her impeccable image in the sparkling plate glass of the small shops along Lafayette. This little cluster of shops was unique—the charming antique center, the Oxford House, the store with the silk screens. There was something elite about the antique shop; she loved the atmosphere created by its dusty but well-wrought “hutch” cabinets, by its flowered belleek, by its dowager-like customers. The Oxford House, too, made her reach for the note of luxury which it produced with its simple display of a walnut armoire and those etched mirrors that matched. How exquisite would be the tapestry-lined boudoir furnished with that armoire, the mirrors, and a translucent silk screen!

The light was green. She crossed Lafayette and the massive white Academy of Music loomed up before her gleaming in the bright sunlight of this spring morning. The doors were flung open and she could see the dusky cleaning crew scurrying about the marble lobby and up and down the wine carpeted aisles of the Opera House and the Music Hall. The Academy's facade with its lyre-playing nymphs shone proud and majestic in the sun; the colorful billboards blared the news of impresario Sol Hurok's presentation. Coloratura Dobbs was due at the Academy; there was going to be a Beethoven Spring Festival; Szigeti was going to play the violin. It was nearly a quarter to nine. There was plenty of time. She scribbled the dates into a tiny spiral pad and turned to cross St. Felix Street.

She stepped down off the sidewalk. A small delivery truck rounded the

corner and came terribly close. Her startled eyes followed the machine up the street and it was then that an entirely new little world rose up before her. It was an unbalanced bit of a universe—one side was crowded; cluttered it seemed and active. The other was still and quiet and clean. She must get a closer look, she thought, especially at the crowded side, the side that was filled with high but rickety brownstones. She hopped back onto the sidewalk—from this side she could glance across the street in a casual way rather than give the appearance of gaping were she right beneath the windows. Although it was early on a Saturday morning, the dwellers of Saint Felix Street were up and out, and they would be watching her passage along their street.

With her head high and her eyes soft but curious, she advanced along the side wall of the Academy. She stayed well in from the street, the more to telescope the chattering life on the other side. The sidewalk was level on this side and there was nothing lying around that she would have to worry about. All she had to do was to concentrate on the brownstones.

The first house on the street was the only one with a garage, and the amateurish sign posted in the driveway gave her her first clue as to what the Saint Felix Street inhabitants were like. The sign was big and white and homemade, its message delivered in a style of printing that was strictly from necessity. It blasted that the driveway was used twenty-four hours a day; it demanded a clearance of fifteen feet on either side, threatening police action if these rights were violated. She somehow felt from looking at this warning that the party involved almost expected to have trouble.

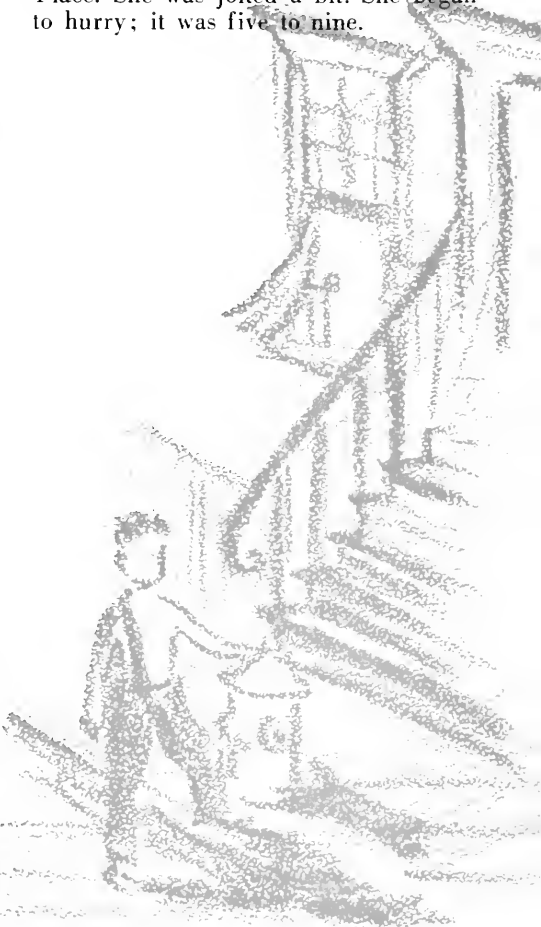
She was passing the pretty St. Felix Street Playhouse on her side and all that was audible was the fine modulated tones of a music teacher whose charge

was delicately executing his scales. Right beside the Playhouse was the Academy Music School and the same sense of composure issued from its open windows. The light, rhythmic taps she heard were from a class of ringleted little girls, she supposed, with patent leather shoes and twirly skirts, whose mothers buzzed for the length of the lesson before chauffeuring their tots home. But across the street the sound was not so muted, the rhythm not so regular. She saw that the windows of the brownstones were open too, but it was Dizzy Gillespie's "Limehouse Blues" that floated above the heads of those down below. The tawny mothers with their stringy, black hair chattered enthusiastically and they effected a staccato with the screechy jabber of the disheveled children. She noticed that these mothers did not wear the usual cotton house dress. Her sense of good taste was offended by their straight, gabardine skirts and over-bright rayon blouses. The children were pinned together; each costume was unique. She saw one little fellow with just overalls and suspenders; there was no sign of a shirt in the still chilly morning. None of the children wore socks; few had shoes. Some wore galoshes and clopped clumsily up and down the high stoops. Some ran barefoot after an orangey cat which scooted beneath the line of oft painted cars which stood like the wall of a fortress beyond which no one should venture. The gas tanks were empty no doubt, and she guessed that these cars had not moved in over a month, yet the slight little men who inhabited St. Felix Street continued to poke under the hood and tinker with the silent motors in their pegged trousers and pointed suede shoes.

She reached the Williamburg Bank parking lot whose asphalt was delineated with chalk base lines and a batter's box. The cadillacs of the weekday executives were gone; the youngster from across the street emigrated to this improvised play area. Their squeals bounced off the adjacent walls and were caught in the strong gusts which continually whip down from Atlantic Avenue. She imagined their being

forced back to their own side of the street. It was this same wind that made the narrow plastic drapes flap from the tall windows of the brownstones. They were very loud floral patterns and they kept getting caught in the irregular bars that crossed the windows which reached the floor. Behind their makeshift fortification for the younger children, she could see the metal bedposts, the chest of drawers, the tiny stoves and basin all in one room, a far cry from the boudoir with the armoire and silk screen.

She came up near the end of the block, up near the silent Methodist church, up near the bustling Railway Express depot, and she was conscious of the world she had left for a while. The Long Island Railroad station was issuing its usual crowds even on Saturday. The wind really sailed along Hanson Place. She was jolted a bit. She began to hurry; it was five to nine.



# Ad Multos Annos

The college seal is an excellent symbol of the close union which exists between St. Joseph's College for Women and the Sisters of St. Joseph. On the bottom of the shield is the carpenter's T-square and the lilies which are found in the seals of all the schools in which the Sisters labor, for it is the symbol of the entire Order. On the top of the emblem rests the college motto . . . "Esse non videri," which distinguishes our college from every other institution in the Diocese. The shield, then, illustrates how inseparable St. Joseph's College is from the Sisters of St. Joseph. During this important year in their history, the year which marks a century of service in the Brooklyn Diocese, the realization of their greatness has arisen in the minds of thousands of Brooklynites who have benefited from their teaching and example. The Sisters have been fruitful in their efforts to train young minds in the many elementary schools and high schools which they have staffed in the past hundred years. At St. Joseph's College, we have received a special share of their wisdom and devotion. Here again, the school seal is a perfect analogy of the Sisters' ideals and actions.

The T-square is a symbol of St. Joseph's diligence and devotion to his work. At the college, the Daughters of St. Joseph have manifested an unwavering devotion to their work which is to instill in us the ideals of Christian culture. In scholarship, the Sisters are experts in their fields; they are well-trained and maintain an abiding interest in what is currently occurring in their areas of learning. Not only are they well-grounded in Truth, but they possess an indescribable type of enthusiasm in their desire to communicate this Truth to others. Just as St. Joseph was a good carpenter and a lover of honest toil, so these Sisters are fine educators and lovers of honest labor.

The lilies are just one symbol of St. Joseph's quiet holiness. How perfectly the Sisters have patterned themselves in this virtue! They exude a tranquil type of goodness entirely free of ostentatiousness and unpleasant piety. Skillfully, subtly, they inject this holiness into all they do, providing a beautiful example for their pupils. The effectiveness of this pattern they have set is evidenced not only by the number of our graduates who have entered the religious life, but also by the Christian homes which so many alumnae have established.

The third part of the seal, the words "esse non videri" are especially embodied in the Sisters of St. Joseph, for their lack of pretense and their simplicity are a perfect fulfillment of our ideal to be and not to seem.

These are only a few reasons why the LORIA staff, speaking for all the undergraduates of St. Joseph's College, congratulates the Sisters of Saint Joseph on their one hundred years of service in the diocese. Their sanctity and spirit which have made our own college a success are manifested all over the diocese wherever we see the lily and the carpenter's T-square.



# On The Centenary

"I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord  
Over mountain, or valley, or sea . . ."

This year, nineteen hundred fifty-six, is the Centenary of the Congregation of the Sisters of Saint Joseph in the Diocese of Brooklyn. Yet, how many of us know little of the history behind these Spouses of Christ. It is a simple reverent story which traces back to the year 1650 in Le Puy-en-Velay, in southwestern France. Their founder was the Reverend Jean-Pierre Medaille, S. J., and their episcopal patron was Bishop Henri de Maupas.

Both Father Medaille and Bishop de Maupas, hoped that the Sisters of Saint Joseph would fill in the Church the need that Saint Francis de Sales had sought to fill in establishing the Order of the Visitation of Holy Mary. The Visitandines were organized to be an active auxiliary to the clergy in their apostolate among the poor, the sick, and the uninstructed. However, soon after its foundation the Order became cloistered and has ever since remained a contemplative institute. This dream of Saint Francis de Sales has been completed in another way—through the Sisters of St. Joseph.

In the beginning the Sisters of Saint Joseph spread throughout the provinces of France, offering themselves to the local bishop to be used according to the needs of the moment. Teaching was only one of the works of these Sisters; they cared for orphans, conducted homes for working girls, catechized prisoners, taught trades to the handicapped, and nursed the sick.

When the French Revolution broke out, at least five Sisters of Saint Joseph were martyred at the guillotine. When the Revolution was at its height, Mother Saint John Fontbonne and her little community of Monistrol huddled in a cave in the hillside where they had taken refuge with the blessed Sacrament. They were discovered and thrown into prison and Mother Saint John was sentenced to die at the guillotine, but the fall of Robespierre saved her. She lived to be honored as the second founder of the Congregation when more peaceful times enabled her to establish a permanent mother house at Lyons.

In 1836 the Sisters of Saint Joseph were asked to work in the American missions; in 1856 a small band of the Sisters arrived in Brooklyn to open St. Mary's Academy. During the '70's and '80's, small groups of Sisters left their main dwelling in Flushing to open new schools in the Diocese or to staff older schools formerly conducted by lay personnel. First the eastern district of Brooklyn and then the thriving parishes downtown, and then the outlying sections of Bedford, Flatbush and South Brooklyn clamored for the Sisters. In 1868 the Sisters took over the male orphan asylum on St. Marks Avenue and Albany Avenue, later to be known as St. John's Home. The first administrator of this home was Mother M. Baptista Hanson, who had been succeeded in the general superiorship of the Congregation by Mother M. Teresa Mullen.

Mother Teresa, in 1892, resigned her trust into the capable hands of Mother Mary Louis Crummey and the institutions under the care of the Sisters of Saint Joseph included St. Peter's Home for Working Girls, St. John's Long Island City Hospital, St. Malachy's Home in East New York, and St. John's Home, as well as some twenty parish schools and the flourishing academies which served as teacher-training centers for young women eager to teach in the public schools.

In 1896, Mother Mary Louis purchased the Brentwood property, and under her guidance the beautiful buildings which make Brentwood so lovely arose. When Mother Mary Louis died in 1932, only the Novitiate unit remained to be built. General Superior for forty years, Mother Mary Louis left her beloved Congregation no legacy more precious than the two devoted co-workers upon whose wisdom she leaned during her failing years. Mother Jane Frances succeeded her, and enshrined her memory in The Mary Louis Academy in Jamaica. Now Mother Charles Edward has seen the dream of several decades come true—the dedication of the New Novitiate and Brentwood college was a crowning achievement of the Congregation's centenary year.

Surely these Sisters did not know the paths which their Divine Master would ask them to follow and yet written in each one's heart is a prayer that sums up the reason for their success and happiness, both spiritual and temporal:

**"But if by a still small voice He calls  
To paths that I do not know,  
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Yours,  
I'll go where you want me to go."**

## **The Ragged Balladeer**

DELORIS HARRISON '58

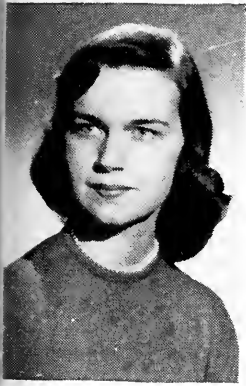
*The ragged figure marched along  
He was so tall and free  
And in his throat — a moving song  
The ballad of his countree.*

*"Me land is de best land  
Me people de best too  
Me country is de Lord's hand  
Keeping us brave and true".*

*With his face towards the bright sky  
The balladeer went his way  
Walking with his head raised high  
And singing his song to the day.*

*"Me country is the good earth  
Me folks are kind  
It's freedom — dis land of my birth  
An' I'se part of dis country of mine".*

*His land is the best land  
His people are true  
His country is God's land  
And it's my country too.*



## THE EDITOR'S CORNER

### Living It Up

ANNE BUCKLEY, '57

"We are committed to the thesis that education is living as well as learning." This statement which is buried in the college catalogue might seem to be one of those profound theories upon which we seldom meditate and less frequently act. In reality, these lofty words have some very concrete, here-and-now applications which invite investigation and possibly action. In this last statement, no one wishes to imply that St. Josephites are NOT *living*. A glance at the lively Freshmen in the Rec room or the Juniors in the Smoker would (we hope) discount such a claim. Living, as we mean it here, is more than inhaling O<sub>2</sub> and exhaling CO<sub>2</sub>, more than cramming for the comprehensives or typing a bibliography. It involves activating what we learn in an attempt to develop ourselves to the greatest possible degree.

The quotation implies that college is more than a preparation for the future. It is a period of life when we are confronted with many opportunities for living what we learn rather than accumulating credits toward a B.A.

No one could sanely say that St. Josephites neglect to study. But how do we study? Haphazardly . . . guessing what will and what won't be included on the hour quiz . . . furtively approaching *Masterplots* . . . measuring term papers . . . seeking short cuts and hand-me-down notes . . . overlooking primary sources in our dash for the more digestible secondary ones. This is not a diatribe against student scholarship, and yet many of us could stand improvement to be really *living* our education.

In almost every class, professors hopefully mention books which are related to the subject they are treating. Students, in turn, assiduously copy the title and author onto their lengthy list of "good books to read sometime." We promise ourselves that one of these days we'll do some spiritual reading. One professor warns us that if we do not start on these books now, we never will. And he's probably right. What about the short story or poem which the college student always means to write. We always have a perfect plot in mind "but no time to transfer it to paper." To paraphrase an adage, a story in hand is worth two in the mind. What of the play some students feel they could star in. Why are try-outs so sparsely attended when so many students are certain they could act. What good are student tickets for the Met if only a handful use them . . . and what good is the special exhibit of Dali or Roualt if we never quite reach the gallery?

Junior Cosmologists are constantly chanting terms like actuality and potentiality. These two words are really not so abstract as we think. The infallible B.A. does not suddenly actualize all our potentialities. It is a long and varied process which begins while we are in college, not merely learning ideas but living them.

Some of us are like Scarlet O'Hara and say coyly of everything: I'll think about it tomorrow." Chances are we won't.

# The Dark Estate

BEATRICE BASILI, '58

The bells of the old cathedral droned in the distance and he knew that it was time to leave. Already the ships would be nearing the port and the people would be crowding the streets. The city would again become a maze of heat and confusion. He turned and walked slowly across the room to where his mother sat. One room, four walls, walls that seemed too tired to stand any longer, one cot and one old chair and emptiness mingled with damp squalor—this belonged to them and this was all. The hand that reached out to caress him was long and thin. He thought of the hands of the American tourist who begrudgingly threw out at him the few centavos that would buy bread so that he and his mother and Miguel would not go hungry. But hunger was not a thing that was unknown to Juan. It was not an easy thing for one small boy to try to fill the role that his father had bequeathed to him several years ago. How often he wished to see him once more; to tell him his little Juanito was very tired. Many times when he would lie awake in the darkness of the little room, he would talk to his father who had gone to join the angels, and life would be just as it was when he was very small. Morning brought light and the images of the past faded into the darkness of the present. From off in the distance the bells sounded once more and Juan watched as his mother raised her hand to her forehead and made the sign of the cross. Obediently he repeated the little prayer that he had said since he was old enough to pray . . . " . . . give us this day our daily bread . . . "

The narrow street outside still lay in a semi-darkness and the sun already high in the heavens, vainly tried to cast some light on the stony pavement trampled upon by the citizens of Barcelona. Within moments, Juan found himself immersed in the fury of this human storm. In the square, confusion reigned. Peddlers, their carts laden with food off the early morning boats, scurried back and forth crying their wares and their pov-

erty. Housewives, with empty baskets and squealing hungry children pulling at their shawls, haggled over spoiled baskets of fruits that could be had for half price. And men, with sinewy arms and tired aching backs, pushed past the crowds and headed toward the port to await the next ships. This was not new to Juan. This was his life, and perhaps his death.

High above the city, protected from the dint of confusion by its altitude, stood a statue of a man long revered by this busy city port. Erected at the gateway to the fashionable business and residential section of Barcelona, the image of Christopher Columbus inspired new hope in the hearts of those who gazed upon it. But to Juan, as he passed by, this statue represented an escape. To him, the famous navigator, whose image now stood facing the new world, was pointing to a land where hardships like his were unknown. It seemed to say, "You will find no peace here, no hope here." As he had done so many times before, Juan turned from the city of the higher class and followed the direction of Columbus' glance—the sea and the port. Soon he was there, once again mingling with the people of his own section, the people who were hungry like he. The boats had already come in and with them came the wealthy American tourists. The cry had gone up already and Juan's voice joined the voices of the other children that lined the streets. Everywhere one turned they were there—little children in tattered clothes and bare feet, with empty outstretched hands, all crying the same mournful plea, "un centavo, por Dios."

The tourists passed too quickly, their eyes intent on beholding the glories of a foreign land. Few glanced at the little children and those that did glance resolved to forget that sight with a few pennies and a passing remark of pity. The money tinkled on the pavement stones and many lean hands reached down to catch it. Some tourists smiled, some frowned, but no one laughed nor

did anyone cry. Slowly the little band of children drifted away and the people who had been so silent suddenly broke into loud exclamations of wonder at the thought of being in a new and different country. Of the little beggars, Juan alone remained, a strange smile illuminating his dirt-streaked face. His fortune had been great. One of the strangers had not dropped a penny. There in his hand the little boy had a huge silver piece, the likes of which he had never seen before. He could not even imagine all that could be bought. He could only see his mother's face, the eyes of a little child whom he wanted so much to protect.

A strong hot sun beat down on the shiny new pavement and the smell of the fresh ocean air sent a warm exhilaration

through his body. The old peasant smiled as Juan ran by and he smiled back. He wanted to stop and tell this old man of his good fortunes but he must get home. He passed beneath the giant figure and the statue that was made of stone and marble shone in the noon day brilliance and cast its shadow on the green lawns that surrounded it. Suddenly Juan's heart cried out "You were wrong. I have found my hope." In the square the peddler's carts were heavy with newly cut flowers, and laughing children gathered the petals that had fallen on the ground. Too late he heard the rumble of the heavy trucks returning from the market. He laughed with the others and his hand reached down to pick up the small withered rose that lay in the sunlight.

## CREDO

VIRGINIA MOSCA, '57

*With immortality  
The day is charged.  
Spun on the breath of time.  
Not yet—"I know my price."  
Iago did, and if the Moor  
Be damned to hell  
Unwisely loving.  
He did love well.  
The accumulated waste of twenty years  
Rides heavily to leaden youthful steps.  
Only the wise old ones thought they knew.  
The best and worst of me  
I do not know, but take no man's vote.  
Here is the gift of day.  
The rosebud bent with dew  
Stars like shining holes in the floor of heaven.  
The rain and sea, a melody, a rapture,  
This is the friend whose love I did not choose.  
All these, were given freely, not begged or asked.  
And should I, now seek for summits  
Some vain encounter for perfections join,  
And plan each day by word, and look or act;  
Weigh every man's too sweet bribe  
And sometimes less tender attack,  
To find that something truly me.  
"I do not know my price—"  
Nor do I care.  
For in all these other things I read  
An Eternity's more splendid life  
Than mine could ever be.*

# The Old Order Changeth

BARBARA GERMACK, '58

The manager of a large New York theater looked askance as a "rock" handed him the porcelain top of the drinking fountain. Mentioning something incoherent about its slipping off, the "rock" rolled away into the swaying masses of his counterparts.

Now to identify the dramatis personae. "Rock" is the so-called typical American boy. While others may regard him with a sort of disdain, they secretly stand in awe; others eagerly aspire to the day when they, too, shall attain "rockdom". In appearance a "rock" certainly looks ominous. His hair looks as if it had been dipped in a vat of shellac—it's always pushed back; the top however, resembles an unkept mound of hay. His garb has two distinctive features; the first is a motorcycle jacket. This is a leather contraption laden with zippers—a large diagonal zipper and smaller replicas on the sleeves and pockets. On each shoulder of the jacket is a miniature strap, under which the "rock" slips his gloves. The other feature is the hip boots. They are the all season variety, even on the hottest days the "rock" faithfully wears them. (The "rock" is a stoic, even in the rain he won't wear a hat or carry an umbrella; he endures all.) On more solemn occasions however, the "rock's" dress is more sober. His suit, with padded shoulders, that look like cushions, is generally light in color. It contrasts with a black shirt and of course, a white tie.

The aforementioned theater was the scene, or rather the battle ground of a big "rock 'n roll" show. "Rock 'n roll", if you are not one of the erudite, is the latest thing (you could say that again) in popular music. It is characterized by a definite "beat". In the foreground is either incoherent screaming (rock) or painful moaning (roll). A devotee states that one isn't supposed to understand the lyrics (if he does, all the better) but the primary purpose is to "feel the beat". With such a description one can but imagine what a "big rock 'n roll show" is. There is a vast array of bands, small combinations and singers. Their enthus-

iasm is amazing—often the performer comes skipping out on the stage; another may play his saxophone while lying on the stage floor.

The porcelain top of the drinking fountain—the reason for its dislodgement from its usual position is the enthusiasm of the audience. Being greeted with such vociferous melody, the listeners react in a consistent manner. To say that they're affected by the music is the understatement of the year. There is continuous dancing in the aisles and at periodic intervals hordes storm the stage. This, to say the least, is very disconcerting to the timid performer. As protection, the stage is guarded by vast numbers of New York's finest, but seemingly, to no avail. In addition, the din is incessant. When raising the pitch of the microphone did no good, one singer, to make himself heard, damaged his lungs.

Now, let us endeavor to explain how this all came about. "Rock 'n roll" is an outgrowth of jazz, but the scandalized proponents of the latter disclaim any connection. To a large degree, this craze has been prompted by a number of very excitable disk-jockeys. The majority of their commercial support is from the hinterlands of New Jersey; they must pay well, for between each of the records there are at least two bombastic commercials. When they are not peddling their wares, the disk jockeys rave in ecstatic tones about the records, artists, labels (the names of the record companies) etc. They also preface the playing of each record with a long list of dedications (sometimes longer than the actual record). These are usually messages of tear jerking sympathy or pledges of undying love. The enthusiasm of the disk-jockeys has also succeeded in giving them a large following in the form of "rock 'n roll" clubs of various shapes and sizes.

However, one must greatly admire the composers of the "rock 'n roll" songs, for they must be quite learned in the field of literature. Particularly outstanding (from the Elizabethan Era, no less)

re songs of unrequited love in its worst  
ay. Romanticism has also cast its in-  
uence, for where else would one find  
ch things as "Blue Suede Shoes",  
Tutti-Frutti", or "Black Denim Trou-  
ers".

But what makes the "rock 'n roll" fol-  
lowing go to such lengths to assert them-  
selves? Certainly not the aforemen-  
ioned damaged lungs, but something  
more alluring—fame. A university, four  
f whose undergraduates have made a  
it record, is considering erecting a  
statue in their honor.

Despite this, however, the intellec-  
tuals (apparently there are still a few  
left) view "rock 'n roll" with disdain.  
Soon, they claim, it will end up, with

all fads, in oblivion. Yet all predictions  
to the contrary, "rock 'n roll" is now  
stronger than ever. Thus, we must con-  
clude, that for a large measure of the  
present, it will be with us. So, dealing  
as we are, with the inevitable, let us  
with all due respect, formulate a defini-  
tion:

*"Rock 'n roll" is therefore, a dig of  
an action that is cool and gone, of  
any dimension, with the hep-talk,  
fancied up all by itself, in accord-  
ance with the rest of the jive, con-  
veying the thought by the beat and  
not especially by the lyrics, through  
the drums and the horns effecting  
a catharsis of the blues.*

## MYRTLE AVENUE

ANNE BUCKLEY, '57

*A stealthy shaft of yellow  
Escapes through prison bars  
Of El tracks and lands on the cobbled street below  
Only to play a game  
Of hide and seek  
With traffic.  
A lonely fly meanders  
Over piles of coffee cans  
A tedious journey crossing mountains of dusty foodstuffs  
With only Miss Rheingold  
Or the world outside the glass  
To watch.  
Piles of merchandise  
Overflow into the sidewalk  
Hammers, dishes, plant food, window screens  
Drink in their environment  
Like old folks with nodding heads  
In rocking chairs.  
Children swarm  
From the brick beehive  
Shattered by the third hour's bell, "Ven aca."  
"Let's go play." They watch  
The fly and crush the yellow patches  
And kick the window screens until  
The owner comes.  
A carnival  
Of sights and sounds  
Unconscious of its strange music until from afar  
The iron monster whistles  
And flies low overhead  
Muting sounds  
Stealing the show  
From Myrtle Avenue.*

# Fraunces Tavern And Our Heritage

BARBARA MORRISON, '57

A few blocks from the contemporary financial capital stands Fraunces Tavern, the oldest building in New York City. Bankers and brokers frequent the restaurant on the first floor of this Georgian colonial tavern to escape from the heated tensions of intricate financial problems. Here, is made concrete a meeting of two ages: one of planning and preparation, the other, of fruition.

Fraunces' Tavern has had a heritage of freedom from the very laying of its foundations. Its builder, Etienne De Lancey, was a fugitive from the tyranny of absolute monarchy. When Louis XIV, the autocratic French ruler revoked the edict of Nantes, De Lancey, a Huguenot, fled to Holland and there he sold his family's jewels. With the proceeds, he came to America and set himself up as a merchant. De Lancey married Anne Van Cortlandt, daughter of the famous Burgomaster, and was given a part of the family estate as a gift. In 1719, on this land, he built what he considered to be the finest house in town. After his death, the property was kept in the family for three generations and the formerly fashionable home served as a warehouse and a general store.

In 1762, Samuel Fraunces, a colored man from the West Indies, bought the property and converted the house into a tavern. He christened it the Queen's Head Tavern in honor of the young consort of King George III. Its Assembly Hall became the scene of many Receptions, Balls and Social gatherings. Being situated at the terminal of the Boston and Albany stages, the tavern was often visited by distinguished men, many of whom we now know as zealous patriots.

It was here that the New York Chamber of Commerce was founded in 1768. A few years later, the Sons of Liberty and the Vigilance Committee met at Fraunces' Tavern to decide upon a

course of action against Britain's defiance of a non-importation agreement. The British ship, London, was anchored in New York Harbor, loaded with tons of tea. The men boarded the vessel and threw the tea overboard. It is a little known fact that New York had its own tea party which preceded and probably inspired Boston's famous Act of Resistance.

During the Revolutionary War, General George Washington dined here whenever he was in New York, since his Steward was Samuel Fraunces, who was also the tavern owner. One evening, an event took place, which saved the colonies from losing their great leader. Washington had, as a member of his bodyguard, Thomas Hickey, who deceived the army into thinking that he was a deserter from the British. Actually, he was a spy. Hickey's sweetheart was Fraunces' daughter, Phoebe. One evening, he confided in Phoebe, disclosing a plot to kill Washington. As soon as he had left, Phoebe rushed to tell her father and the intrigue was exposed. A short time later, Hickey was court-martialed and executed and Washington was safe to lead his armies to victory and later became their leader in peace as he had been in war.

Although Fraunces Tavern is the scene of many significant incidents, the most famous is Washington's farewell to his army. On a drizzly Thursday afternoon, December 4, 1783, Washington and forty-four military leaders, including Generals Green, Knox, Wayne, Steuben, Schuyler, Gates and Kosciuszko, were gathered together at Fraunces' Tavern. Filling his glass with wine, Washington addressed the group, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." Each officer then approached, kissed



and parted with the General-in-chief. Colonel Tallmadge describes the scene in his diary:

*"Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed, and I hope, may never be called upon to witness again. It was indeed too affecting to be of long continuance—for tears of deep sensibility filled every eye—and and the heart seemed so full that it was ready to burst from its wonted abode."*

Like most old building, Fraunces' Tavern degenerated and it was on its way to oblivion as a saloon for teamsters and longshoremen. In 1883, however, the Spirit of the Revolutionary War was aroused by the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's farewell. In 1904, the Sons of the Rev-

olution secured the building through a descendant of Colonel Talmadge. After years of neglect, it hardly resembled the famous eighteenth century tavern, and it was necessary to rebuild it. The Pearl Street side was restored with red bricks from houses of the same period in Baltimore. Fourteen thousand yellow bricks were imported from Rotterdam to complete the project. The woodwork was replaced from models of eighteenth century homes and the tavern looks today, the same as it did when Samuel Fraunces owned it.

In the heart of the activities of a democratic free enterprise system, Fraunces' Tavern still remains as a symbol of the gaiety, the heartbreak, the dreams and the tears which were all so necessary in the shaping of our American tradition.

## A Game Of Marbles

BEATRICE BASILI, '58

### I

*We have sat deep in darkened mud  
Colored marbles clutched in hand  
Shooting to reach the white one  
Alone on the greener soil.  
We have knelt in the filth to shoot and  
Missed to shoot and miss again  
To come close and far apart  
To yearn, to win; seize the dream.  
To fail, to fail and fail again.  
And then to win.*

### II

*We have snatched up the grey white marble  
Buried now deep in the darker mud  
Placed it in a greater spot:  
To shoot, to miss, to fail, win  
Again and Again.*

### III

*We have played this game for long  
Year after year — the white marble  
The search to find the grey white marble  
Never an end, never to end.  
Our own have become brighter, greater,  
Our shots stronger, straighter  
The mud dries; the grass grows,  
The plucked marble — white.*

### IV

*Day blackens and our sighs gush forth.  
We have packed up our marbles  
And gone home.*

# Just Luck

BRENDA BUCKLEY, '51

Eighteenth Century literature was Joan's last class for the day. The bell rang and she turned to Liz with a smile.

"They're on time for a change. Let's go. I don't want to hit too much traffic."

"I didn't know you could drive," said Fran questioningly as they left the room.

"Oh yes, I have been driving since September."

"Gee, that's wonderful. Tell me, did a policeman ever stop you to see your license? I mean, you look so young."

"Yes," said Joan radiantly. "Once," she added reflectively, "it was just luck."

She thought back. It was fun taking the car to school. Every morning she drove by to pick Liz up and then on to school. Conversation was the usual small talk but it never lagged.

"Hi, Liz. Finish your homework last night?"

"Almost. They make it a point to always give you more than you can do . . . Do you think he'll give a quiz in Bio?"

"Never, too early in the term . . . Darn it. The bridge is going up. We'll never make this class."

They always managed to make it although they met with many obstacles. If it wasn't the bridge, it was the heavy traffic of a detour due to construction work, or a lack of parking space. It was the same routine every morning. The oil trucks crawling at a snail's pace drove one to distraction. A policeman stood on every other corner. The little children darted gaily to school. One morning Joan noticed that the old grey-haired policeman had been replaced by a man who looked too young to be a cop.

The term moved by slowly and the small talk undertook a minor variation.

"I guess you're going to the Snowball December 28th, Liz."

"Yes, if I get up enough nerve to ask Joe. How about you?"

"No, I haven't anybody that I'd like to ask. I'm not interested anyway. I there were some kind of social before it perhaps . . . but I'll be busy around that time. You know, the Christmas season."

A new phase of the oncoming even was the topic for a while. Liz remarked to Joan one day that the new policeman looked as if he were suspicious about her eligibility for driving.

"Maybe he thinks you are driving without a license."

"Who? That new cop? He doesn't look half as pleasant as the old man whose place he took. He'd have some nerve if he asked me my age."

It seemed that he felt the same way. He just stared. One morning he was replaced.

"Well, Liz, we haven't Piercing Eyes to bother us this morning."

"Uh uh," mumbled Liz heedlessly, trying to finish Pope's *Eloise and Abelard*. "You know, Joan, Pope had a bit of Romanticism after all."

"Romanticism? Maybe. But I wouldn't say he is married. He looks too young."

"Who?"

"The cop."

"What cop?"

"The cop that's not there this morning."

The next morning traffic was light. The policeman was back at work looking rather eager. The light changed abruptly and Joan brought the car to a quick stop right along side him.

"I have a funny feeling," said Liz. "This time he means business."

A gentle tap on the window confirmed her thought. Joan nervously lowered it. He leaned his elbow carelessly on the door.

"How old are you?" he questioned impersonally.

"Twenty," Joan faltered.

He stared, "Well I'll take your word for it. You certainly don't look it."

They moved away meekly.

"You know, Joan, he had some nerve. I'll take your word for it. Did he think you'd lie? Why didn't you show him your license and really make him feel silly."

"Oh, I completely forgot. He had such pretty blue eyes though. I don't think he could really get annoyed. You're definitely going to the dance. Liz?"

"Yes, I finally asked Joe. Do you have anybody in mind?"

"No one. I really don't care. It would mean buying a new dress and I am low on cash."

Time slowly crept by. Everyone was talking about the Snowball. Even Jane was going.

"Well it's only one night," Joan thought. "Then it will be all over. But I could have lots of fun on that night. Imagine having no one to ask. I wish I were like Liz. It must be nice to have lots of boy friends."

The dance no longer was the main topic of conversation. Joan took it for granted that she was not going.

"That policeman must not have believed you, Joan. He still stares with that suspicious look."

At this moment all men had become hateful to Joan.

"So what. Let him stare. I'll stare right back. Let his eyes pop out. I have my license."

Liz was right. Friday morning Joan stopped for the red light as usual. The policeman glanced toward the car and strolled toward her.

"I am sorry, Miss," he said quietly, "but I can't believe you are old enough to drive. May I please see your license?"

Joan blushed noticeably and nervously fumbled for her wallet.

"Here it is," she said with a note of triumph.

He read: Joan Dixon  
18-26 South Street  
Age: twenty

"Twenty," he gasped. "I am sorry but I had to check. You look no more than sixteen."

He handed her the license taking a last glance. "18-26 South Street," he repeated audibly.

Joan was too angry to talk about the incident. Imagine! he did not trust her. He was simply hateful.

Every morning from then until the Christmas holidays he smiled sheepishly as she waited patiently for the light to change.

Two days after vacation had begun. Joan was feverishly wrapping packages with her mother. The telephone rang. Mrs. Dixon answered it.

"For you, dear," she smiled.

"Oh, probably Liz giving me the last wrap up on her plans for the Snowball."

"Hello?"

"Hello!" came a strong masculine voice on the other end. "Is this Joan? This is Bob Yardley."

"I am sorry but you must have the wrong number."

"Oh no. You don't remember me? The policeman who pestered you on your way to school every morning?"

"With those blue eyes," thought Joan.

"I hope that you don't think I'm rash or anything but the Policeman's Ball is coming up in January. You have been number one on my list since I got that beat. Would you like to come?"

"Well, yes . . . but I think we should meet first," Joan blurted uncertainly.

"Maybe we could have dinner tomorrow night," he interrupted. "I live about ten blocks from you. How about Cables? They say the food is pretty good there."

"I think I should like that," Joan said more calmly.

"All right if I pick you up at seven?"

"I'll be ready. Good bye."

Joan excitedly hung up and in a pseudo calm voice addressed her mother.

"Mom, do you think we could go shopping this week. I need a dress. The Snowball is coming up soon, you know."

# LORIA STAFF

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<i>Editor-in-Chief</i> .....	ANNE BUCKLEY, '57
<i>Art Editor</i> .....	ANITA LA FEMINA, '57
<i>Articles and Essays Editor</i> .....	JOAN COSTA, '57
<i>Fiction Editor</i> .....	FRANCES BRACKEN, '57
<i>Poetry Editor</i> .....	BEATRICE BASILI, '58
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## introducing the contributors to LORIA

FRANCES BRACKEN, '57

In the library there is a book called *How to Lie With Statistics*. It was "on reserve" the last time I saw it and I began to wonder if maybe it was becoming a popular "how to" book and soon we would be bombarded by falsehoods concerning a multitude of facts and figures. This could be disastrous. *Loria* members might be reported as professional gamblers because of Bea Basili's poem "Game of Marbles" or Brenda Buckley's "Just Luck".

"Ragged Balladeer" by Deloris Harrison might be said to be a sketch of any typical *Loria* staff member, while Anne Buckley's editorial, Peggy Kearney's "A Street Called St. Felix", and Emilia Longobardo's poem might be interpreted as written for U.A. political purposes only.

You can see what even a limited imagination could conjure, so I decided to record a few of our own statistics.

English majors lead the list of contributors, with Carol Boasi, Ginny Mosca, Brinda Stack, and Kerry Sullivan each writing a poem for the Spring Issue.

Peggy Connors is the only science major who contributed her talents. Peggy illustrated the article commemorating the centennial of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Statistics have it that Barbara Morrison and Barbara Germack both from the history department contributed articles.

Joan Costa is a Child Study major who interests us in this issue with information she obtained from a local survey.

Mary Margaret Farley, Pat Henry, and Joan Schneider, are all of the class of '59. They contributed an illustration plus two articles.

Carol Hadek, our business manager who is graduating this June, and Anita LaFemina, who designed the cover and wrote a story for this issue are both math majors.

These are our statistics and they give lie to the statement that there is a dearth of creative talent at St. Joe's.

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ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

WINTER 1956

# LORIA STAFF

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*Litterae Oblectamen Remaneat In Aeternum*

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# Sand In My Pockets

SALLY BELMONT, '58

"Take your bags Miss?" Cathy looked up at the big round face of the colored porter standing in front of her. With out waiting for her answer, he retrieved the suitcases and started on ahead. The terminal was alive with the constant hum of voices, and an unending parade of commuters. someone began "Car leaving on track 29 . . .

"Where you heading for Miss?"

"Home" she answered, "New York".

"Right this way", and he motioned with his head. He turned sharply and for a moment Cathy thought he was going to bump into the large woman heading directly toward him. In one skillful motion, he had maneuvered out of her way, and with an air of something that resembled triumph continued on. He put the bags aboard and smiled heartily.

"There you are now, Miss, all settled. Have a nice trip."

"Thank you I'm sure I will," she replied politely, and smiling back, she handed him some change from her purse.

The day was rather warm and the closeness of the car made her impatient for its start. She stared through the window, and again the sight of so many people made her pulse quicken. The thought occurred to her how much she had missed the city's clamor at the beginning of the summer. It seemed incredible now that all those weeks had passed. And in less than six hours she would be home. She remembered the morning she was leaving for Bonnadilla, and how upset the entire family had been. Cathy did everything the last minute, even packing for her first summer job away from home. Finally, with everyone out of breath, and nerves almost frayed beyond repair she was ready. Amidst goodbyes, and last minute instructions, the ugly head of doubt popped up.

"This is what I've been hoping for." she kept repeating to herself "a chance

to be on my own. For the first time, I'll really be independent, even financially. Anyone would jump at a chance like this, and especially with an escape from this insufferable city heat". The queer queasy feeling inside still would not leave.

"Perhaps, they won't like me, or suppose they do, but I get deadly ill and have to be sent home." This thought seemed to cheer her most and then the realization of her childish attitude made her dismiss the feeling, and she began to relax.

She laughed now, and startled by the sound of her own voice, suddenly realized that the train had been moving. Anxiously, she looked about to see if anyone had been aware of her unexpected outburst. Cathy was more than relieved to find that everyone seemed quite content. She leaned back to find a more comfortable position, and almost immediately went back to her musing.

It was rather humorous now, thinking back on the way she had begun her summer. Yet there was nothing amusing in those first few nights away from home. Contrary to what she had hoped for Cathy was neither disliked, nor did she become the least bit unhealthy. Hers' she believed was an even worse fate. The Manices were a gentle elderly couple with kind eyes and a quiet dignity. Cathy knew at once she would not leave. They had tried hard, perhaps even too hard to make her feel at home. Their grandchildren, whose parents were in Europe at the time were in Cathy's care. The two little boys were quick to respond to her, and she loved being with them. But conversation wasn't exactly stimulating, especially with a three year old who persisted in prefecting wierd facial expressions, and replying "no" to any and all practical proposals. The town was dull and empty. Nondescript was the only phrase she could settle on to express Bonnadilla.

fully seemed reluctant to pass and Cathy felt mournfully that August would be just as stubborn. It could have been that her entire summer might have been spent this way, except for the fact that she broke her best nail, and then nothing was quite the same again. Of course that sounded ridiculous, but when she thought about it sensibly, it all seemed to fit perfectly. For what other reason would she have had to stop off that day at Anderson's and if not how could she possibly have tripped over Constantine's leash? Poor old Constantine! He must have thought she was awfully clumsy or pretty stupid to say the least. Anyone could have seen him tied to the door from a mile off. That is anyone who was looking ahead. But Cathy was much too intent over the loss of her nail, and before she knew it, she was in a much worse position, what with Constantine squealing and people staring. Almost at once, she felt firm hands gently lifting her, and a pleasant baritone inquired in very concerned tones if anything hurt. "Only my dignity," she managed trying for something that might vaguely resemble self composure.

"I'm terribly sorry," he began. "I guess the Emperor got in your way."

"The Emperor!" she exclaimed in a voice much too high. "I tripped over that dog."

"Yes, I know, he's mine. Constantine's his name. comes from a royal family in Europe. I can't understand it. He's usually so polite."

"Oh, it really wasn't his fault," she began. "You see I—"

The thought suddenly struck Cathy that she had been listening to this ridiculous tale with a credulous ear, and was actually about to apologize for a dog. Furthermore, this young man seemed extremely amused, and at her expense. He laughed then, a nice, good natured laugh, and all at once she found herself laughing too, and all the tenseness was gone.

So Pete became the "one" in the eternal tale of boy meets girl. Pete, with his tousled brown hair, and his nice clean look. He was tanned from the sun, and his dark eyes seemed al-

ways ready to tease. Yet there was so much behind those young eyes. Things that Cathy could not understand. And for some reason unknown even to herself would not try to. They were together often after that day, and each time meant more to Cathy than she was willing to admit. Without realizing it, the loneliness had left, and with a sudden anxiety came the awareness that summer was almost over.

She knew for certain that last night at the beach, what she had tried so hard to avoid. They had been walking along the edge, close to the water. Pete's arm was around her waist and it felt warm and comfortable. Somehow, she didn't want it to feel as good as it did. There was something about this boy and the times they had spent together. Something that made Cathy wonder if she would always remember them with this same vague hint of regret that she felt now. She thought of the lines Tennyson had written, and that she had read so lightly "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." She kept turning these words over and over in her mind and she wondered. It hurt to think that he knew she was leaving after the weekend, and hadn't even mentioned writing. Once, she had half jokingly, half hopefully invited him to the city. He had accepted at once, and in the next instant, she wished she could have taken back her words. He had no intention of visiting her and she realized it almost immediately.

Pete stopped suddenly and bent down to pick up an odd looking shell. With much ado he presented her with what he termed a priceless gem. She slipped it into her pocket and they both laughed. They were standing very close, and neither one offered to speak. For a very short moment, she thought he was going to kiss her, and suddenly forgot all her resistance to being hurt. At that moment she wanted Pete to love her as she had never wanted anything before; and hopefully, crazily believed he might. They did not hear the sound of the waves or feel the water devour the sand under their bare feet; both unaware for different reasons. The moment ended and

with it reality returned. She saw something in his face and realized what she had never understood before. Pete was not looking at her. He had not even been with her these past few minutes. He was still far away, and comfort came only with the relief of knowing he had not seen her expression and did not guess her feelings. She could bear no longer to look at his face, and abruptly began walking ahead. He was beside her almost at once, and when he spoke, she smiled and was rather surprised at her own inner calm. She could see he was trying to explain, but his manner was awkward, even incoherent. He couldn't quite get to the point, so she interrupted.

"I can see you now, Pete, but I thought you didn't like stiff collars."

He looked at her startled and then relief came into his eyes and his face lighted.

"How did you know?"

"I didn't. Not until a little while ago, but you've talked a lot about it. I suppose only half consciously. I finally put it together tonight. I'm glad Pete. I don't know what else to say except that I'm terribly proud of you and that—"

He put his hand on her cheek, and she knew her skin felt warm even though the night winds were cool. He

smiled at her, that wonderful smile. There was no need to wonder if he had guessed. She knew he had. He spoke very quietly and his words were slow. She was thankful that they were no meant merely to comfort.

"Cathy, I don't think I have to say this, but I'd like you to know that if there could have been a girl for me, I'd never have let you get away."

"Thank you, Pete, but I wouldn't have given you much of a struggle."

They laughed then, and he caught her hand and held it tightly . . .

"Sandwiches, ice cream, soda pop. How about a nice cold drink, Miss? Feels good on a day like this!"

With a sudden start Cathy realized how thirsty she was.

"Yes, all right," she agreed and reaching into the pocket of the light cotton jacket she was wearing, pulled out a quarter. She felt the tiny particles seep under her fingernails, and cupping her hand gazed down at the insignificant grains. She was dimly aware of the figure standing over her, and wondered vaguely why he had not moved on. The thought never entered her mind that she had still not paid him for the soda.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she faltered. "I just noticed something—I still have sand in my pockets."

## The Reverie of Night

CAROL BOASI, '58

*Maria listens to the old hall clock  
And draws the coverlet above her head.  
"Tick, tock! Tick, tock!" Each seems a mock  
To scorn the fear that fills her with dread.  
The owl's cry, the cricket's symphony  
Contributes to the doleful theme of night.  
Nan's baby wail to keep her company  
Would be the comfort to dispel her fright.  
Above, the attic eaves begin to creak.  
What is the sound that she is listening to?  
But gentle pattering of rodents' feet,  
A Lilliputian army in review.  
A croaking frog calls to his pop-eyed mate,  
"The night", she thinks, "is not a mystery".  
Maria yawns and sighs, the hour now is late;  
She slumbers soon amid night's reverie.*

"A chaos of clear opinions" is the summation of Shaw by one critic. There is a certain amount of truth in this statement. He probably was the most opinionated man of his time. A study of his works will reveal this. He is more of a preface writer than a playwright; you can skip the plays but never the prefaces. He was not a profoundly original thinker. "I am an expert picker of men's brains, and I have been extremely fortunate in my friends."

Shaw did not conquer England overnight. He was born in Dublin in 1856. His father became an alcoholic so the younger Shaw had to go to work as a clerk at fifteen. His mother left his father and went to London where she taught music. George Bernard came to live with her when he was twenty. He wrote five unsuccessful novels, took up journalism, became an art and drama critic. He advocated the new music of Wagner and the new drama of Ibsen. He became a socialist and spoke in halls and on street corners. He once said, "Karl Marx made a man of me". Shaw's conscious intention was to ridicule and shame his audience out of their exclusive preoccupation with the emotions of their personal lives, especially with romantic love, and to interest them in the problems of society. He never allowed his plays to be anthologized because he said, "I am really a teacher and my plays are my method of instructing the educated. The ignorant, I find, don't need me. They are the self helpers like myself, in the vanguard of all the movements which are slowly transforming the world."

Shaw certainly tried to transform the world through his teaching. He reached the conclusion that we cannot go to the content of Shakespeare's works to find his greatness. It is not there, he says,

because Shakespeare has no message to impart. Shaw then proceeds to make up for this statement. His plays are mostly the discussion of various problems. There are two kinds of discussion in Shawian drama. One is the discussion of problems for their inherent interest as in "Don Juan in Hell". The other is the usual discussion as an emanation of conflict between persons. To Shaw, the idea is most important. Ideas perform like characters. In "Getting Married" we get his ideas on marriage and love. In "Pygmalion" we get his social ideas. Due to his naturalistic tendencies he does not believe in endings which are satisfactory to the average reader. At the end of "Pygmalion" Eliza's fate is unsettled but the experiment is over. Therefore the play has ended. He has gotten his message across.

Shaw's great fault lay in the fact that he argued too long and too well. His musical education has saved him somewhat. Einstein has said that Shaw's plays remind him of Mozart's music, every word has its place in development.

This year we celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Due to this we have developed a great interest in him as a man and a writer. We cannot fully evaluate his contributions. Perhaps fifty years from now it will be possible to do so. However, nearly every literary critic has found time to evaluate Shaw. We wallow in his chaos of opinion. We are at a loss to know why he wrote so much. Perhaps he was purging his own soul. I like to think of him as a great reformer, the great teacher. He had a reason for his chaos of clear opinions. He once said "the English do not know what to think until they are coached laboriously and insistently for years in the proper and becoming opinion". To Shaw his were the proper and becoming opinions.

# The Twentieth Century Unicorn

ANNE BUCKLEY, '57

It is the aim of the poet to give a vision of life. In this "Age of Anxiety" such a task might seem difficult and unpleasant. Anne Morrow Lindbergh is uniquely successful in her efforts to examine life. She does not grasp it greedily, nor does she coldly cast it aside; rather, she turns it over and over, and perceives its many facets, and, while taking note of its imperfections, she is still in love with its multilateral brilliance. She also sees in this jewel which she holds a wonderful, glowing light that cannot spring from the jewel itself, but must come from some greater and more resplendent power.

In *Gift from the Sea*, Mrs. Lindbergh inspired thousands of readers with her simple, sincere outlook and attitude toward the multitude of problems which weigh down the spirit. Once again in her latest book, *The Unicorn and Other Poems*, she has captured and distilled into poetry the essential beauty of life, and her own answer to death, to sadness, to captivity.

The recurrent theme of the poetry, then, is life, viewed under such categories of human experience as love, death, captive spirit, open sky, the wind of time, and of course the unicorn. This life which Mrs. Lindbergh examines is to her intensely personal and essentially spiritual. Her delicate and exuberant use of nature imagery is never for its own sake but always achieves its full importance from the responsive cord it strikes in the soul, awakening it to a new awareness of some spiritual reality: love, eternity, beauty, infinity.

Although Mrs. Lindbergh has specifically apportioned a number of her lyrics under one section entitled "Love," it is this emotion which pervades the entire book. Love is the one significant emotion. It is the means of conquering death, of surmounting captivity, of vanquishing time. It is "free," it is "breath-

less," it is "profound and silent." It is childlike and wistful. In her first poem, "The Man and the Child" the poet reminds us that it is the man in us who works and fears and that it is the child in us who plays and loves. She asks in "Interior Tree," the concluding poem of the section if such "fused moments of felicity" really spring from our world, or are they rather: "The swallows of eternity." It is not romantic love which is the key to life, but love in its broader aspect—charity. In "Ascent" she soars high in quest of absolute happiness, and concludes:

*"Wing of the soul  
Repose,  
Serene  
In the stream  
Of Love."*

Love, then, selfless and calm, can solve the mystery and pain of existence.

Her section on Death begins appropriately with a salute to life in "The Final Cry," in which she tells man to praise life before it is too late. In "Testament," "Elegy Under the Stars," and "Presence" she addresses the dead and in each poem she ceases to mourn, for she becomes united with the dead, for death is not the end, and:

*"All sorrow, and all beauty, and all  
spirit,  
Are one."*

It is the fallen leaf and the wheeling hawk and the song of the cricket, and "a single bud of quince"—material objects—which can lay bare the heart and leave it receptive to the message of eternity.

In her section called "Captive Spirit," the poet rebukes mankind for using artificial means to locate eternity. She admits that life is a hard and narrow road, but the poet is confident that another person has gone before, leaving imprints as a sign of hope to future travelers. Mrs. Lindbergh uses nature imagery to



prove that man must strip himself of all ornament so that the seeds of hope and the "hidden faith still pulsing in the sap" can begin to bloom and bring the long-awaited spring."

"The Unicorn in Captivity" is the longest and most effective poem in the volume. The poet has received her inspiration from the well-known tapestries in the Cloisters. She sees the milk white unicorn bound by a delicate golden chain

*"His bright invulnerability  
Captive at last."*

He is unaware of his wounds, of the restraints, of his collar. The unicorn could move if he chose, but he sits in contemplation with only his horn free for it rises above the chain and the fence.

*"Horizontally,  
In captivity,  
Perpendicularly  
Free."*

This picture of the Unicorn, free in captivity, is almost Christ-like, for it emphasizes the unimportance of the wall and bars compared with spiritual reality.

The section called "Open Sky" is breathless in its exaltation over the awe-

ful significance of space, and the giddy ascent "Past the last pinnacle of speech" to the hidden heights of repose and love. In "Back to the Islands" she transfers into poetry the peaceful solitude of island life described so delightfully in *Gift from the Sea*.

In "Wind of Time," the final portion of the book, Mrs. Lindbergh pictures a single leaf waving on an autumn tree in "Presentiment." In "Within the Wave," she sees another more beautiful land "lit by unsetting suns,"; in "Broken Shell" she finds a pattern of creation and beauty, all of which lead to a concept of the Absolute, a shadow of eternity.

The form of the poetry is graceful and simple lyrics. The poet knows well when to condense and when to expand, and she has been compared to Emily Dickinson in her facility for proposing a profound thought in a minimum of charged words. Mrs. Lindbergh has rescued herself from any charge of sentimentality by using precise careful language and a light, facile rhythm.

It is indeed refreshing to find that such an eminently spiritual vision of life expressed in a sensitive, esthetic manner, has rapidly moved onto the Bestseller Lists.

## **. . . too late i loved . . .**

*deloris harrison, '58*

*too late i loved  
to walk beside you in the rain  
and still too late  
i loved to call your name  
it has passed the time  
the moment now has fled  
and our love that could have been forever  
is now forever dead*

*too late i loved  
that i might smile or weep with you  
and still too late  
that we might be able to start anew  
yet i might dream and  
see you beside me in some distant land  
or with me on a lonely stretch of sand  
too late i loved  
yet all remains though you are far from me  
for it's not too late to hold a memory*



## IT'S IN A BOOK

DIANA BONETTI, '58

### LUKE DELMEGE

*Canon Sheehan*

This is a novel of an Irish curate about to undertake his self-presentation as an "alter Christus." No doubt, you will expect to find a humble-spirited, young, newly-ordained priest; you will want to satisfy your imaginations by experiencing all his dreams, thoughts, and sensations; you will want to sympathize with his sometimes tender, sometimes turbulent moments . . . but Luke's deportment drew an invisible line between himself and those who longed to understand and love him. Graduated as the First of Firsts (first prizeman in his class) from the seminary, he began his priestly career clad in the idealistic concept that the universe was at his feet, and that the enigma of humanity were his to explore, analyze and reconcile. Thus he commenced his singular mistake of supposing that human action was controllable by the definite principles he had uncovered hidden in the depths of his vast store of book knowledge. Quite successfully did he stifle the very weak, humble cry of his soul which bade him rejoice in the simple tasks of life. During his life, Luke applied his energy in enthusiastic work, but he had failed to perceive that his labors were enmeshed in sheer materialism, completely void of the spiritualistic elements. To his countrymen, he substituted words of social and economic betterment instead of the simple, kind, affectionate words the people longed to hear. It was no wonder they respected their Father Luke but could not love him. Through the years, the soul of this priest plunged into the depths of retrospect and reflection, searching—yet failing to find—the erroneous path he had unconsciously taken which now left him a disturbed and perplexed man who had somehow closed his ears to the echo of his sacred calling. The prodigious writing energy of the author has made it possible to clothe in living language the skeleton form of this human life in brilliant, compelling fashion. Throughout the thread of narration, he presents Luke as a man living in ideas, not action . . . thereby subjecting all other characters to an incidental level. The effectiveness of this novel in communicating ideas is due to the many poignant situations carried along with the story, and to the sensitive beauty—painted for the imagination—of the silent, solemn, Irish landscapes. The person of Luke Delmege symbolizes an abstraction . . . the unseen force of a debating conscience. He is the embodiment of the idealism which vainly seeks and strives to solve the everlasting enigma of Humanity. Indeed, Canon Sheehan has woven an impressionable narrative . . . a truly inspiring work of art.

An extremely interesting contrast to this novel is the *DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST* by Georges Bernanos—an Image book publication.

## **SEA-WYF**

*J. M. Scott*

In 1951, a series of personal ads, twenty-two in all, appeared in a London newspaper. These ads consisted of BISCUIT'S pleas to SEA-WYF, interrupted at times by a message from BULLDOG, and an occasional mention of a NUMBER FOUR. With this scant outline, (perfect bait for a potential reader) is unfolded a fascinating sea adventure of three men, namely Biscuit, Bulldog, Number Four, and a woman called Sea-wyf . . . the sailor's name for mermaid. The sinking of a refugee ship in the Indian Ocean brings our four lone survivors together on a float, where for ninety-eight days they are forced to fight their way to safety, combating dangerous mental and physical stresses and strains. It is the quiet, lovely, reserved Sea-wyf who helps the others see their need for and dependence upon one another. However, it is not until years after this voyage that the four are once again brought together . . . and as the tension is gradually built up, the element of mystery becomes the dominant force which contributes to the very climactic ending.

## **GUESTWARD HO!**

*Barbara Hooten*

*and*

*Patrick Dennis*

It is not at all surprising that the author of the famous (or is it infamous?) AUNTIE MAME has now come up with another best-seller . . . GUESTWARD HO! In collaboration with Barbara Hooten, Patrick Dennis takes his readers to New Mexico, where for some two hundred and seventy odd pages he treats them to strange situations (taking an entire guesthouse of people out for a grand scale dinner); stranger scenes (a horse in the reservoir and a golden Jaguar in the pool); and numerous characters (from Barbara Hooten down the line to the last guest). Rancho del Monte is a delightful place although by no means sanctioned as a quiet resort; and the owners, one time city slickers, have become full fledged westerners—not so gracefully, but very enjoyably. GUESTWARD HO! is a gay piece of nonsense you will love reading.

## **SO LONG AS LOVE REMEMBERS**

*Russell Janney*

The author of *THE VAGABOND KING* and the immortal *MIRACLE OF THE BELLS* has now given to his audience another enjoyable novel. Unlike most of today's best-sellers, which stress the dullness of morality and the glamour of illicit love, this fascinating book is a love story of a young chorus girl and a piano player and . . . of all things . . . a statue. There is a legend about this statue called the Madonna of the Sword, which plays a strange part in the lives of the girl, Olga, and the piano player, Tightpants Halka. The fate of these two lies in the resemblance of Olga to the statue . . . and the story behind this resemblance. The entire delicate story is woven about the title of the book. It is part of a song Olga has written to Tightpants before her tragic death . . . "So long as love remembers, I am always near . . ." For simplicity in form and beauty in content, this is the book to read.

Necessity, as the adage says, is the mother of invention. This surely applied in my case. For there I was this summer, Miss Barbara, with a kindergarten class—four and five year olds in the morning and six and seven year olds in the afternoon. And the last time I had been in a kindergarten was many, many years ago as a student. The following is an account of my adventures, carried on with a hoarse voice, tired feet and many laughs. To the uninitiated, such as myself, any methods which I devised were definitely those expedient for the moment; whether they were consistent with the principles of child psychology remains to be seen.

Seeing an endless line of children march in, "What to do with them?" came to my mind. I seized the nearest and most colorful objects, the crayons; they became my most reliable standby. As the weeks wore on, the curriculum became more imaginative—the children traced, played with the peg boards, made book marks and wove pot holders. (The latter were the most celebrated accomplishments; I received a life time supply as presents.) We played a variety of games: "Farmer in the Dell," "Looby Loo," "Five Little Chickadees" and "All Around the Mulberry Bush."

But what the children liked the best and what I found the hardest was story-telling. At a certain time, each child placed his chair near the piano. The largest class I ever had was sixty-two. Needless to say, to keep the attention of such a group was quite a feat. So before the story, my favorite device was to play my own version of Simple Simon:

Simple Simon says stay still in your seat.

Simple Simon says fold your hands.

Simple Simon says put them in your lap.

Simple Simon says close your mouth.

Simple Simon says keep it that way.

Story telling, I learned, was quite an act. Simple descriptions, describing the homes of various animals pleased the four and five year olds, while the older group desired more of a narrative.

After "story time" the children would remain in their seats and we would have singing. The only witnesses to my singing and piano playing were the children. Often there was a talent show, the favorite aria, incidentally, was "Que Sera Sera."

Time progressed and with its passage, I became more adventuresome. We often took little trips to the library for movies or to the park for story hour. The largest number I ever took was fifty-three. (One always had to keep counting them.) These trips were indeed nerve-wracking. Some children walked slowly, shoe laces were always becoming untied and in the middle of a busy intersection there would generally be someone who would yell, "Run for your life." The traffic had to be stopped, incurring the glares of hasty drivers. To keep order within the line (or the resemblance thereof), I would appoint monitors—in fact everyone in the group was a monitor, each with a different task. This made each feel important, therefore each behaved very well. One day I was taking a group across the street and the children spotted a police car. In a chorus they yelled, "The policeman is our friend." The policeman was delighted and gave us an escort along the street (this, I thought, should happen every day.)

But my kindergarten wasn't quite like its namesake—"a children's garden." One of the biggest problems was the crying. One little boy remarked to me that he always brought two handkerchiefs to school—one for blowing his nose and the other for wiping his tears. A child would cry for almost any reason: if someone took his crayon (gen-

erally a red one, the most popular), sat in his seat or stepped on his toes, thereupon would ensue a flow of tears. To quell the tears was always a difficult job, since one couldn't laugh. First I would try to remedy the difficulty (such as giving him another red crayon) tell him what a good boy he was, and say, "Let's see you smile." If this didn't work, I would tickle the child, then he couldn't help laughing. This would generally work.

Another problem was the minor accidents. Children, it seems, magnified the smallest trifles. A little boy who had been coloring said to me, "Miss Bobwah, I'm bleedin'." Upon examination the blood turned out to be a speck of red crayon. The biggest show-offs were the children with bloody noses. They were so delighted with the attention they were receiving from those pointing to their blood, that they couldn't bear to put their heads back to stop it.

But closely bound up with the kindergarten were the monitors. They were older boys and girls who for some strange reason liked to help me. The most spectacular, though not the most helpful, was Butchy. Ten years old, he wore green pants with enormous pockets on the sides; these pants were tucked into his socks. At the most unpredictable moments, he would storm in, amidst piercing screams and yell, "You kin rest, Miss Barbara, I'm helpin' ya." He thereupon would issue orders to the class. Such as when a girl kissed a boy, he bellowed, "Cut out the kissin', this ain't Hollywood." Then in ten minutes, Butchy would storm out, amidst more piercing screams. Butchy, I found out, had a heart of gold; in his rare subdued

moments, he was a great help. The children, moreover, loved him. Butchy's exact opposite was his sister, Josephine. Meticulous and sedate, she offered at the end of the term to wash the blocks. Also there were Louise and Cathy, who gave me my biggest shock. Walking into the classroom one day, I saw ten signs hanging in conspicuous places, saying, "Miss Barbara, I love you." However the monitors took their jobs seriously; they were visibly disappointed when I said there was nothing to be cleaned.

One of the prime requisites for a kindergarten teacher, I found, is a sense of humor. Once I let the class paint; at the end of the day the floor looked like the Red Sea. And there was Sammy, who never sat still; sometimes I thought he would exceed the speed of light. However, Sammy didn't understand a word of English, he just had come over from Italy. So I had to learn one word of Italian, sit down, "siedeti". (or a reasonable facsimile).

Teachers of small children, in my opinion, have an extra special satisfaction. For the children a kindergarten is often their first group and school experience. The teacher they regard with an especial awe and admiration. They listen to anything the teacher says with rapt attention. It is to the teacher also that they relate the smallest and most minute events in their lives. However a kindergarten teacher's job isn't all bliss; it's exhausting work.

I write this not as an appendix to any Child Psychology texts, for my classes could be best described as "Organized Bedlam." I write this only to describe the most enjoyable and satisfying summer of my life.

ANNE BUCKLEY, '57

*Night is a symphony  
A dulcet silvery fugue  
Struck on lyre clouds  
By chrystal breezes.  
The crescent clef heralds a song  
Whose stave is heaven.  
Stars are the notes . . .  
I am their mute music stand.*

To truly appreciate the writings of the "Three Poets of Faith," it is important to understand the gift of grace which sanctified their work. They are not the off-spring of a moralistic, message-seeking Victorian era; they are not even its representatives in a finer vein. The poetry of Francis Thompson, Coventry Patmore, and Gerard Manley Hopkins is beyond the time and space of a specific century; it is the result of a "hunger for the infinite," inspired by minds which possessed the secrets of the Triune God within them. The tradition that they carry forward has for its origin the divine romance which Saint John and the other Evangelists captured in their gospels. In the present, authors, like Merton, Mauriac, Sheen, and a host of lay and religious writers are the new dynamos of the Catholic Literary Revival.

From another aspect, we might consider Thompson, Patmore, and Hopkins as reactionaries, in that the prevailing mood of their poems is decidedly romantic. They are like princely sons already enjoying the bliss of Abraham's bosom. They display the incarnate compatibility of suffering and beatitude.

Francis Thompson was aware that Wordsworth resolved to be "the poet of the return to nature," and he was dedicated to becoming "the poet of the return to God." His diction shows the strong influence of Shelley, and is loud with the echoes of Crashaw, Donne, Spencer, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Poe. Perhaps the most outstanding qualities of Thompson's poetry are his strange figures of speech, flaming descriptions, a molten metal of language (which often occurs in Thomas Merton), and a sincerity of faith. On the debit side, he is reproached for the difficulty of his verse, the carelessness of form and thought sequences, and the notes of self-pity which lacked the bravado of a Byron. But Byron was not a mystic, nor did he care for the little things which

drew Thompson's spirit into a "wonder and a wild desire."

"Little Jesus" is the most familiar and popular of Thompson's poems concerning children. There are seven short ones, and yet they encompass the whole of a particular philosophy. The child-like spirit which breathes in them and in much of Thompson's whole work is a reflection of that poet who had said so sadly: "There is a sense in which I have always been and even now remain a child. But in another sense I never was a child, never shared children's thoughts, ways, tastes, manner of life, and outlook on life."

Thompson was no idealist believing that love once given is always returned; that one who once loved will always love. He did believe that perfect love, trust, and innocence were present in children, and somehow they were more divine for these treasures. He visualized the child-like adult, who though fully grown, possessed a belief in belief, a trust in trust, a love like an angel's which once declared is never retracted. This was his vision. "Know you what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism." The poetic prose of his "Essay on Shelley" is but the purer testament of these ideas or ideals. But perhaps Francis Thompson did not hold so strange a doctrine after all, for in Christ's words: "Unless you become as little children, you cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," and Thompson may have truly found beatitude in the nurseries of heaven.

*"Chosen of God his lonely way to  
wend.*

*Out from all the glare and glory to  
the shade,*

*The shadow of the Cross where  
Saints are made."*

This slight stanza explains the enigma of Francis Thompson who has been reviled as a "spoiled priest," a derelict, and a drug-addict. He was in a sense

all of these, and none of them. The difference is that he did not embrace them or choose them in place of God. Yet the illicit loves of Mansoul in the "Hound of Heaven" were thought to be his own personal experiences. "They make the poet a creature of circumstances, a weakling carried along by every wind of passion, a fugitive from God and His Love, a lover of himself, of pleasure, of fame." "The Hound of Heaven" is the experience of the soul pursued by an excess of Divine Love. It has been the story of saints and mystics, of a Saint John of the Cross, or a Saint Teresa of Avila. Contrasts as well as comparisons must be drawn; with what fervor the Confeitor of the saints is said who are straining towards Love, and find the slightest fault a vital impediment to union.

It is interesting, however, to compare the soul of Thompson and Mansoul. They delighted in the same things: friendship, beauty, poetry, children, and nature—but with a difference. Mansoul loved all these things for their own sake, made them ends and not means to the End. To Thompson, material things were meaningless until he saw in them the work of the Divine Author.

A fuller explication of this poem, which has been called one of the greatest odes in the English language, is not possible; there is space only for his message: "Truly the human heart is fond. Its very capacity for love led it astray." Wilfred Meynell has remarked

that "The Hound of Heaven" is the return of the Nineteenth Century to Thomas a Kempis; his last stanza of this poem is comparable to Saint Augustine's famous lines about man's restless heart.

*All which I took from thee, I did but take,*

*Not for thy harms,*

*But just that thou might'st seek it in  
My arms.*

*All which thy child's mistake*

*Fancies as lost. I have stored for thee  
at home:*

*Rise, clasp My Hand, and come!*

If Francis Thompson had written only "The Hound of Heaven," his name would have been imperishable in English literature. He published three slim volumes of poetry: "Poems," 1893, "Sister Songs," 1895, and "New Poems," 1897, an essay on Shelley, and a life of Saint Ignatius Loyola. There is a hint of paganism in his poetry yet mixed with the odors of sanctity. He is, even more than Wordsworth, the "Poet-priest."

Flipping through the pages of Thompson's miscellaneous poems, so many titles full of beauty and grace fill the reader's eyes that it is no wonder that Meredith called him: "A true poet, one of the small band." And although it is quite certain that he will always remain a minor poet of the Victorian age, many readers will count themselves blessed on finding Heaven in earth, and God in man when they read:

*For all can feel the God that smites,  
But ah, how few the God that loves!*

## Barriers of Human

BEATRICE BASILI, '58

*Speak not of passageways  
Whose stunted growth blocks  
The restless voyage  
Of the heaving mind.  
Are we the pygmies  
Who reach but half steps,  
Who never can ascend,  
Who never can descend,  
Who live in cubicles,  
Who think in dreams.  
Whose minds can never cross  
That bridge of human barriers.*

# The Dead Sea Scrolls

FRANCES BRACKEN, '57

In 1947 the first of the Dead Sea Scrolls was discovered. With subsequent findings, scholars became aware that there was a striking resemblance between these scrolls and the New Testament. Making use of this similarity and basing their claims on hypothetical interpretations, a few scholars have popularized the idea that there is doubt concerning the origin of Christianity and even the uniqueness of Christ. Edmund Wilson's best-seller, *The Scrolls From The Dead Sea*, proposed this thesis. British scholar John Allegro also supported these claims but later modified his interpretation. Though many writers have viewed these documents objectively and prudently, many errors about them still persist. It will take many years of study before any final conclusions about the scrolls and their relation to Christianity can be reached, but in the meanwhile a few objective comments might help and clarify the issue.

Ironically, the Dead Sea Scrolls were not found in the Dead Sea but in caves in the Desert of Judea at the northwestern end of the Sea. Archaeologists first discovered the manuscripts wrapped in linen and preserved in jars buried in the caves. It is believed that they were stored in these caves about 66 A.D., at a time when the Jewish Revolt brought fire and destruction to the area. Evidence shows, however, that they were written in the first, second or even third centuries B.C.

After all the exhuming was completed what did the scholars find in these writings? The answer seems incredible when one realizes that the documents found reveal the liturgy and disciplinary rule of a sect living twenty centuries ago. All is not so cut and dried, however, when one becomes aware of the changes that inevitably take place in

semantics over the centuries. Herein lay one of the major difficulties. If the translation was erroneous any interpretation by necessity, would also be in error. Relying on the fact that the "Hebrew jigsaw puzzles" as the scrolls have been called, are correctly translated and interpreted, progress can be made.

The Dead Sea Scrolls are divided into two broad categories of biblical and non-biblical manuscripts. The biblical writings are significant because they are now the oldest copies of the Hebrew Bible. This discovery is the closest to the original that has ever been found. Although the biblical findings are in themselves outstanding, more emphasis has been placed on the non-biblical material. One reason for this is that the possible connection between these writings and the New Testament has caused many scholars to speculate about the relationship between the teachings of the people found in the documents and the origin and spread of Christianity.

The authors of the Dead Sea Scrolls lived in Qumran in what is now Jordan. They numbered about 700, living as celibates and sharing community goods. Many writers identify them with the Jewish sect of the Essenes who lived during the New Testament times.

Five periods in the sect's sacred history are recorded. Noe, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses and Sadoq were their leaders in the first three periods. Since these leaders were not completely faithful, penance was the spirit of the fourth epoch. A "return to the law of Moses" was advocated. The fifth and last period of the sect's history began with the preaching of the Teacher of Righteousness. The identity of this Teacher poses a problem for many scholars. In identifying him as Jesus Christ, they argue that out of his teaching grew Chris-



ianity.

The purpose and spirit of his teaching is revealed in the community rule which is in part "To live according to the rule of the community, to seek God . . . to practice what is good and just in his sight, in conformity with what he ordained through Moses . . . to love the children of Light, each according to his allotted position in God's plans, and to hate all the children of Darkness, each one according to his guilt in accordance with God's vengeance."

If the Teacher of Righteousness were the Christ of Christianity and these were his teachings, how do they explain the all embracing "love your enemies" and "teach ye all nations" which characterizes the early Church and is the very

theme of the New Testament? Many other examples emphasizing the differences between the religion found in the scrolls and Christianity can be cited. On the other hand, affinities also appear. In language and ritual there can be found similarities. This is nothing new, however, for there are likenesses between the language of the Apocrypha and the New Testament, and between the ritual of the Synagogue and the early Church. Although these similarities are recognized, the difference is known to be very great and the origins of Christianity have nothing to fear. "But," says one Catholic scholar concerning the scrolls, "if one allows oneself to be carried away by imagination, then indeed anything can happen".

## IDEAL

EMILIA LONGOBARDO, '59

*To know your every thought  
although unspoken  
will be grasped  
unerringly  
by yet another mind —*

*To learn your every word  
is understood  
with all the meaning  
that was left behind  
before it reached your lips —*

*To sense that every wish  
each dream, each prayer  
of yours is echoed  
and repeated  
in another heart —*

*To feel your every trial  
lose all its pain  
when bathed in memories  
of a simple trust  
unfailing, but not blind —*

*To find that every tear  
makes moist another eye,  
and see a glow  
on someone's face  
because you smiled.*

JOAN COSTA, '57

The Sisters of Saint Joseph began their years of college teaching in 1916, when Saint Joseph's College for Women admitted its first Freshmen class to the then spacious halls of the "245 building." The sisters were proud to have been asked to staff the only women's college in the diocese and they put every ounce of enthusiasm and talent they possessed into their task. Through thirty-five years this enthusiasm has never slackened.

This year, during their centennial celebration, we learned that for the first time, three sisters had been appointed to the administration of the college. Sister Vincent Therese, President of the college, is herself an alumna and her efficient serenity is familiar to every one of us in her capacity as head of the Education Department. Her close contact with the students has given Sister a genuine understanding of their ideas and needs which is coupled with her sincere desire to uphold and continue the traditions of the college.

In her position as Dean, Sister John Baptist has the all important task of keeping the academic standards of St. Joseph's at the highest possible level, a task which she has undertaken earnestly and energetically. Sister has carefully considered each phase of her position in an effort to give every problem all the necessary time and thought.

The position of Dean of Students is one which often goes unhonored but it is one which requires constant attention to an endless number of extra-curricular problems of varying magnitude of which the average student is not even aware. Sister Joan de Lourdes, our new Dean of Students, has put herself completely at the disposal of the students and has given every bit of her well known enthusiasm and skill to helping them solve their problems.

These appointments are a milestone in the history of the Sisters of Saint Joseph in Brooklyn, one which represents a new stage in their contribution to the advancement of education. We, the staff of Loria, offer our congratulations and support to these new appointees.

In September, over twenty years ago, a philosophy class looked questioningly at its new instructor as he began his first lesson. In the years that followed countless students came to know and admire Father Francis X. Fitz Gibbon as a priest and a teacher; this warm personal relationship with his students was maintained and strengthened when he became a Monsignor and later, Dean of the college.

The position of Dean in a college for women presents a unique set of problems whose successful solution demands great insight and intense devotion. The continued excellence of the academic standing of the college as well as the maintenance of a vital functioning system of student government attest to Monsignor Fitz Gibbon's success in solving those problems. But more important, each student always knew that she could walk into his first floor office with any problem, discuss it freely and receive careful attention, advice and understanding.

For his many years of quiet service, daily sacrifices and constant, tireless effort which we will never be able to measure, the staff of Loria and all the students of St. Joseph's College for Women can only say to Monsignor Francis X. Fitz Gibbon, "Thank you, Father, for everything. You will always be gratefully remembered in our prayers. May you prosper long and well in your new assignment."

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1. Submit all stories by February 1.
2. Stories should be approximately 1,000 words long.
3. All stories should be typewritten, double spaced, or written in ink on one side of standard size paper.
4. Put no identification on your manuscript but attach to it a sealed envelope containing a card with your name and the title of your story written on it.
5. Place manuscripts in the box provided in the Recreation Room.
6. Unless fifteen contributors submit manuscripts there will be no contest. Each contributor may submit up to three manuscripts, but may be awarded only one prize.
7. The contest will be judged by two faculty members and the five members of the editorial board of Loria.
8. The winning stories will be published in the Spring issue of Loria.
9. If an insufficient number of manuscripts are submitted so that there is no contest the ones which have been received will be considered for publication.

# Who'll Throw the First Stone?

DELORIS HARRISON, '58

## I

As I looked at the small white wedding invitation, I tried to picture Sheila Cartwright. Back in our college years Sheila had always thrown parties. I remembered her wearing a stunning blue print dress, an original of some kind. She had whispered to me that it was made for some star who had gotten too fat for it after her last baby, and using her shrewd salesmanship she had been able to get it wholesale. She looked so smart in it that I was genuinely sorry when six of her guests appeared with the same original. I was sighing sympathetically and cursing the dress designer with Sheila when the doorbell rang. Sheila had a maid, but she would have thought it an indecent idea to have her around for one of her little get-togethers. She wanted these parties to be as informal and casual as possible. By then the room was crowded with almost thirty girls, and I laughed in spite of my firm resolution not to when I thought of her larger gatherings. Sheila beckoned to me to follow her into the outside hallway while she opened the door. She pushed her auburn hair off her face a little and grimaced as she tied the bow on the "original".

Then a sharp voice squealed "Sheila darling, please come here and tell Jay that skiing isn't hard!" I saw one of the guilty six standing in the doorway to the living room waving at Sheila.

"Oh be a dear and grab the door. I don't want to talk to Hattie, but I must find out where she got that dress," Sheila said. I smiled understandingly and walked to the door. As I opened it I was tempted to answer in the drawling manner of a Negro servant, but not knowing if the person on the other side would appreciate my humor, I merely opened it in a lavish colonial style. An unintentional gasp escaped my lips as I



saw the dark-skinned face and dark, brooding eyes.

She smiled and said softly, "I am Leslie Morrison. This is the Cartwright residence, isn't it?" I was still too dumbfounded by the Negro girl's presence to answer, and I could only nod stupidly.

"Come in, er,—" I finally managed awkwardly.

"Leslie darling, how nice of you to come!" came Sheila's voice from behind me. It was one of the few times that I was delighted to hear it. Leslie did not speak to Sheila; she smiled rather complacently and walked beside her into the room. The room was crowded with giggling, chattering girls. They looked like so many multicolored wrappings on Christmas packages with their different shades of hair and summer clothes. Sheila began to tell Leslie about her dress, and then stopped abruptly as she was prone to do—to introduce us. After the brief introduction Sheila hurried away. I was at a loss. I wondered if I should shake hands with her or what. Emily Post's rules and Sheila Cartwright's were entirely different. I

remember saying something stiff and probably quite unacceptable to Sheila's uninhibited code.

Leslie nodded pleasantly at me and said, "You go to college?" I smiled an affirmation and she continued, "What is your major?"

"Journalism," I answered.

"Oh that's nice," she said solemnly. The conversation was dying fast, and I couldn't think of any remark except one about the weather which probably would have buried it completely.

Before that could happen one of the girls sitting next to the phonograph called, "Leslie, who wrote the 'New World Symphony?'"

"Excuse me," she said, and turned and walked toward the girls by the victrola. She was rather tall and very slim. She was wearing a beige dress that made her skin take on a rich brown color. Her eyes were deep and dramatic, and she had an array of smiles that fluctuated between seriousness, sarcasm and light humor. When I realized that I was standing alone in the middle of the floor, I began to look about for Sheila. She was chattering at a fast pace to some girls seated at the bar. She looked up at me and said, "Oh, wouldn't you like a drink?" I nodded and she got up and went behind the bar to fix one. As she mixed the martini in a highly professional manner, I thought of her as a bartender or a Washington hostess. "Isn't Leslie quaint?" she said as she handed me the drink. The emphasis on the word quaint made me think of some kind of primitive Egyptian pottery.

"I didn't get a chance to talk to her," I said interestedly. "I suppose she goes to your school." I asked Sheila.

"Why yes, the dear girl won a scholarship. She's quite smart and so arty—paints or writes or something like that," Sheila answered. Before I could ask her any more questions about Leslie the other side of the room received the message that another round of drinks was being served and come clamoring for more.

## II

It was almost a year before I saw Sheila or Leslie again. It was spring and I had been walking casually about the Village looking for an Italian leather bag. It was such a lovely day that I had walked and walked until the dusk of evening began to settle about the narrow streets. Suddenly I realized that I was famished. I stopped in a small cafe which had once been the habitat of the Village artistes, but was now frequented only by the "nouveau" college bohemians. The room was so dark and filled with smoke that I could hardly see. I heard Sheila before I saw her.

"But Dave darling, you can't believe that Faulkner is the greatest American writer. Why it's a positively indecent idea!" Recognizing the long drawled whine that was characteristic of Sheila I followed it towards the table. At first I was tempted to cut my way through the smoke to the exit, but I was curious to see Sheila again. From time to time my mother had mentioned that Sheila's parents were worried about the wild company she had been keeping. I knew my concept of wild and my mother's were entirely different, and so I never really worried about Sheila. I was rather fond of the bored little child that represented Sheila in my mind, but my life was much too crowded with school and my future plans to do any case study of her.

"Why darling, what are you doing here in my quaint little cafe," Sheila said waving her hand to clear the smoke from her face.

"I was walking, that's all," I said to her. I took a chair from a nearby table and sat down. She began to introduce me to her companions. I did not catch most of their names, but I was not too worried because she seemed rather vague about them herself. She was wearing a black turtle necked sweater and plaid slacks. Her hair was red and cut. She looked older than before but I told myself that it was only the dark makeup she wore around her eyes to give them

that dramatic touch. Her lips were moving rapidly and meaninglessly. I smiled occasionally at the various people to whom she introduced me. As she spoke, I asked myself if she had really changed.

"... and of course you know Leslie," she said disinterestedly. Leslie was sitting solemnly across from me. Her eyes were deep and melancholy, and there was no trace of a smile on her lips. An atmosphere of unhappiness seemed to engulf her.

When she spoke, her voice was low and throbbing. "How are you?" she said simply. Turning to the blonde boy next to her she said, "She is majoring in journalism also, David."

"Oh, what is your opinion . . .," he started.

"Don't talk shop!" snapped Sheila. The blonde boy sighed at Sheila's interruption. Leslie glanced at him sympathetically, but did not speak. She looked very different from the gentle, smiling girl I had met at Sheila's party. The gentleness had been replaced by a wistful sadness. She rarely spoke, but when she did, her voice seemed to be directed only to David and myself. It seemed as if we were the only persons she wished to reach. Sheila's continued chatter began to annoy me greatly. I finally got up to leave.

"Please don't go," Leslie pleaded. She sounded so earnest that I sat down again immediately. Her eyes were like those of a drowning man begging for aid. At that moment a great pity surged through me for her. I did not know or understand it, but I was deeply touched.

"What do you think of Williams?" the blonde boy asked. His voice was rich and mellow—the kind that would make you cry over the death of the three blind mice. As he spoke his eyes seemed to be brimming with an intellectual enthusiasm. When they met Leslie's there was an exchange of meaningful glances. They sparkled but hers glistened sadly.

"You mean Tennessee not Ted, don't you," smiled Sheila. Everyone grimaced at the remark but the boy did not stop.

He had good ideas and strong determination. Once or twice when Sheila tried to interrupt him he would bang his fist on the table. Whenever Leslie spoke he listened to her short, softly spoken words in a quiet but impatient manner.

"I feel that Williams has a deep understanding of people. He is conscious of a sensitive nature such as that of Blanche Du Bois . . .," she said; her voice faded towards the end of the sentence.

We talked for hours—solving world problems, tearing down social conventionality and building it up again. When I looked at my watch it was nearly midnight. I hastily said goodnight and left. I remember wanting to say something special to Leslie, but I couldn't find the words. I merely smiled and left them all sitting in the smoked-filled cafe.

### III

The wedding invitation was the first communication from Sheila in a long time. As the years had passed our paths had rarely crossed. Occasionally I had received cards from her inviting me to one of her little get-togethers, but they had seemed more like a ceremonious exhibition than a real invitation. My career and personal life had separated us; however, the wedding invitation served as a spark to ignite my memory, and brought back all those thoughts of Leslie. Once or twice I had been tempted to accept one of Sheila's invitations just to see her, but I could never bring myself to it. The strange feeling I had felt that night for the slim Negro girl was rooted in me, and I could not forget it. Although I had tried to forget—the way one tries to forget something unpleasant or uncomfortable, it had hung over me like a troubled ghost.

As I rode uptown on the bus to cover an assignment my mind was filled with puzzling thoughts of Leslie. Why had she been friendly with Sheila? I had just about tolerated the selfish little child myself. Had she felt that the only people who would completely accept her were in Sheila's society? Could any of us completely accept her? As I got off

the bus and walked the streets of the crowded tenement district. I looked into the many Negro faces around me seeking an answer. But there was none; they walked on oblivious to my thoughts. When I glanced at my watch nervously I noticed that I was quite early for my interview. I decided to have something to drink to quiet my nerves.

I stopped at a flashy looking place and went in. The sudden darkness startled me. After my eyes had become accustomed to the change in lighting, I noticed several Negro faces staring at me questioningly. I walked self-consciously toward the tables in the back; before I reached them I noticed her. Her face was tired and melancholy. She looked extremely old and I would not have recognized Leslie except for the dark, brooding eyes. They were solemn and she looked as if time had ruthlessly snatched away all her strength and hope. There was a half-filled glass in front of her. Although she had barely touched the drink, she beckoned for another.

"Hey Gus, bring me another," she said coldly. Her voice was harsh and bitter. When I heard her speak I wanted

to cry out to her, but I could not. I stood in the middle of the dark dismal bar in the heart of the slums for a moment and turned and walked into the sunlight.

By the time I found a drugstore I had regained my composure. I asked the pharmacist where the telephones were and he pointed towards the rear of the store. I opened my pocketbook unconsciously and glanced at the wedding invitation. As I started to dial the number written on the back of it, I began to wonder if what I had seen was true.

A soft drawling voice spoke. "Just a minute, Ma'm. I'll call Miss Sheila."

"Hallo!" I heard Sheila say. "How have you been."

"I just saw Leslie," I interrupted anxiously.

"You mean Leslie Morrison," she said coldly.

"Why yes," I answered

"Oh, how nice. Of course, David and I don't see her anymore," she said icily. "We'd love to . . .," she continued to chatter. But my brain had ceased to listen, it had become one enormous dulled, sickened pain.

## EXPLANATION

VIRGINIA MOSCA, '57

*Between the real and the ideal  
Is a gently breaking heart  
To know the joy of everything  
Free from the desire of anything;  
Growing old in Beauty,  
Young in Truth,  
The heart must break in chrysm.  
Between the rest and the longing  
Is limbo's impatient watch;  
Rising at dawn to catch the winds,  
Stealing the stars from night.  
Being rich and restless and wild,  
Wanting to be shattered as light!  
Between the dream and the dream  
Stands a Divine Alchemist:  
Changing the deed into gold  
Confused by nature's art;  
Making whole the broken fragments  
Gathered from the plundered heart.*

Gray, Dickens, Milton and Shaw: none of these was too complex a character, too great a giant to be tackled by Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Chesterton discussed architecture, America, Medievalism and the end of the world, topics of such wide diversity and such vast importance that they would fill an ordinary man or even an ordinary genius with fear at the prospect of undertaking them. But Chesterton was not an ordinary man but an extraordinary genius.

Although he analyzed many profound subjects, he is best known for his facility in "making a mountain out of a mole-hill". Chesterton's most popular works have concerned lying in bed, rain, cab rides and a piece of chalk. He chooses something which appears at first glance to be insignificant and he shows us its universal importance and its relation to the divine. And there enters the woman! The masculine world and even sometimes the feminine considers her work to be a trifle, but it is a tremendous one at that.

We are not considering woman, the universal, but the woman, a very singular noun. Chesterton believes that every woman should be treated as an exception to the rule. It would be barbaric to do otherwise because of the ideals of dignity and chastity which she represents. He suspects that each woman detests women, in general, although she may have many friends of her own sex. Her sentiments are justified when he says that "every woman is a captive queen, but every crowd of women is only a harem broken loose."

Woman, as we know, is not inferior to man; she is his complement. She is this by reason of one quality which he refers to as "universality". He considers the lack of this in the other half of mankind to be the result of the need for him to earn a living in this technological age. This forces him to be-

come a specialist in one field. Specialization is not to be looked down upon, for without it we would not have any of the modern conveniences which seem so indispensable to us today. But where would we be in a world without universalists; without Aristotles. Robots may someday perform work more efficiently than man but a robot cannot love; he cannot save his soul.

As man has only to develop his best talent, woman has to develop all her talents. Chesterton calls her a "Gill of all trades". She does not have to be a master of culinary arts; but she must be an average cook; she need not be a competitive interior decorator but she should be able to furnish a home attractively. Story teller and teacher, dress-maker and health instructor a woman is all or should be to the ones she loves. This is no minute or humdrum task; it can be world-shattering or world-regenerating. It is up to her.

Although a woman's qualities are in harmony with those of a man, Chesterton names two which are sometimes disliked by him. They are the ideals of thrift and dignity. At times when they oppose tendencies of the stronger sex (and we hope he is!) they are the cause of much domestic strife.

Chesterton takes us through the ages and woman is always portrayed attempting to draw her husband away from ephemeral pursuits. Sometimes it is a competitive sporting event, or a heated political discussion; more often though it is an evening at the local tavern. This is symbolic of her constant crusade to terminate man's futile waste of time and money.

But quixotic man continues to think his prodigality fanciful and poetic. He does not realize it is prosaic. Economy, saving and thrift—they are poetic! They are creative! They produce something beautiful or something useful from what



otherwise would be waste. Woman uses all the resources about her, no matter how lowly they are, to aid her in the creation of something to please her loved ones. Old clothing is remodeled for the little ones; left-over food, for tomorrow's stew. Broken fragments are the notes to her sonata. Woman is truly the artist!

Woman has always been pictured as being thrifty but recently her second quality, that of dignity has been ignored. Followers of such literary movements as realism and naturalism have depicted woman as an excitable screaming, screeching vampire. In this, they are unreal and they are unnatural. Chesterton does not think that it is the extroverted emotions of a woman that terrorize her male companions; it is her cool serenity, her restrained caution. It is not that she is always telling him what she thinks; he worries because he never

knows what she thinks. She is often uncommunicative and reserved. She is a lover of solitude.

Thus in his works, Chesterton defines woman, stating her qualities and her relation to the whole of society. She is the upholder of manners and morals in that society. To illustrate this, he admits that: "It is true that there are many polite men, but none that I ever heard of who were not either fascinating women or obeying them."

He concludes that woman holds the place of supreme dignity. This is symbolized by her wearing of a skirt. Men who attempt to govern, to demand respect, give honor to woman by imitation. Priests, kings and judges, during the most of the solemn ceremonies, don a skirt to represent not inferiority but superiority, not narrowness but universality, not mediocrity but magnificence.

## Of Summer Night

PATRICIA HENRY, 59

*Often of a summer night  
I have seen God caress the sea  
with moonlight;  
and watched her rise, exulting,  
then fall  
adoring Him.  
I have dipped into a still black pool,  
and plucked out stars,  
scattering galaxies about my feet.  
And I have heard the great trees  
whispering their compline,  
while tiny insects bore up tapers,  
and incense-mists rose up  
from out the star filled pool.  
I have been in heaven, often . . .  
of a summer night.*

## ning & the Pages

BEATRICE BASILI AND PATRICIA GIBBONS

In 1498, a rogue who was a poet vanished from the face of the earth. Today, the poet who was a rogue returns to greet the thunderous applause of a world which has of late come to love and admire his great gift. Let us begin with his name—Francois Villon.

For four hundred years Villon, the man and the poet, lay dead in obscurity. It took but one key to open the door which had been locked for centuries. That key was turned in 1877 by Auguste Longon: with his *Etude Biographique sur Francois Villon* we have a revival of interest in the poet. This was followed by an ever increasing list of biographies. Of these Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Lodging for the Night* best gives the fifteenth century viewpoint of Villon, the rogue who was a poet. It paints him as a laughable, loveable blackguard who stole to live and who lived to steal. His poetry was incidental; what was really important was the man. This can be more clearly seen in Stevenson's essay *Francois Villon, Student, Poet and Housebreaker*. Here we have a nineteenth century Protestant criticizing the fifteenth century Catholic. Stevenson was expressing his point of view and the point of view of the men who lived at the time of Villon. Stevenson claims that the man was cynical, that his life was an escape from reality. He says, "He was a good genius to all hungry and unscrupulous persons; and became the hero of a whole legendary cycle of tavern tales and cheateries." Stevenson maintains that Villon's work is constantly emitting alternate tears and prayers. Yet, there is but one place in the entire work of Villon in which the critic can have justification for this statement and that occurs in the *Ballade pour Servir de Conclusion*, in the one instance where the poet's laugh is mirthless.

It is true that Villon was a rogue; but does this make him any less a poet? This is the question that the twentieth century asks. D. B. Wyndham Lewis expresses the modern viewpoint of Villon, the poet who was a rogue. To him Villon was not an escapist. He was a man clever enough to realize the situations that the Middle Ages presented and to make the best of them. Can a gift for laughter, for living, be termed escapism? Villon's own image of his life is contained in the four words, "Je ris en pleurs." Mr. Lewis recognized the blackguard in the man, but, unlike Stevenson and the fifteenth century, his main interest lies in recognizing the gifts of the poet.

Francois Villon was a child of the Middle Ages and the Father of subsequent Ages. His is the first authentic voice of European literature. The fifteenth century believed that Villon lived solely for the moment. But a close study of his works reveals that he was convinced that there was a destiny for a man, that, though life was short, he did have a past as well as a present. He himself asked, "Ou sont les neiges d'autan?"

In the fifteenth century Villon's appeal was confined to those who had a lust for life. Today his appeal is universal. He stirs the eternal pasts of man, his emotions and his feelings. He has an acquaintance with the bitterness of life and therefore the power of jesting with it. This is what Mr. Stevenson terms escapism. But if Francois Villon was seeking refuge, he sought in beauty not in abyss.

Robert W. Service is not a poet; he is a rhymers. And, in accord with this state, is in constant publication. Yet, genuine popularity surges and falls with the temper and the spirit of the times. In the United States he was most gratefully and vocally received during the nineteen-twenties. Easily quotable, he was on the lips of every college student of the decade. Easily remembered, he is often repeated today by these very same, yet somehow older, devotees. Popularity is not his now because Service is a man of captivating charm and disarming superficiality. He is not a man of confused emotion or alarming insight.

Service has written six volumes of verse, each substantially the same. A keen sense of living and a marked lust for life, though, give to each a fresh and vibrating nature. He sings mainly of the Yukon and the Ruffians who braved its wilderness. He exposes none of them and extolls each of them. His desire was to write not to analyze.

Service has traveled the world over, through Alaska and Turkey, England and France, Canada and the United States, through the four corners of the earth, giving life to the indomitable spirit that dominates all his writings. His is the spirit of Kipling without reaching the Englishman's degree of poetry. His are the characters of Bret Harte, without reaching the sentimentality that the American did.

As a man, Service is a far cry from the heroes of his pieces. A clean-shaven, modest, rather formal Scotchman with a slight "burr", he is in no way the prototype for his Yukon characters: Dangerous Dan McGrew and Sam McGee. It is of Sam that Service writes:

*"And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in  
the heart of the furnace roar;  
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and  
he said, "Please close the door,  
It's fine in here but I greatly fear you'll let  
in the cold and storm —  
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, It's the  
first time I've been warm."*

As a poet, Service is very like his creations, with their ruddy faces, their glib tongues and their adventuresome lives. Louis Untermeyer has said that Service, the poet, "has blood and guts style carried off jauntily." He is merely saying that the vagabond and the wanderlust in Service was so strong that it was constantly the uppermost factor in his mind—that they are the impressions with which Service leaves his readers. But, what could be more desirable from a man such as Service from whom we must expect nothing but such ephemeral qualities? As far as we are concerned, nothing. He is a pleasure to read because he is not teaching, he is not searching, he is not artificial.

Hillaire Belloc claims that there are certain marks that cause a writer to be great. They are inevitableness, inspiration, and hardness. These are the reasons that we give for Villon, the poet, replacing Villon, the man. These are the reasons that we can give for the unfortunate retreat of Service into the annals of the has-been authors. These are the reasons that Villon will live until the time that great poetry will cease to be heard. These are the reasons that Service will remain merely in publication. In order to endure, writing must be made of the same stuff as the finer Qualities of man.

# Prelude

PEGGY CONNORS, '58

Dawn was late that day. Weak shafts of light fingered the cove, imparting a silvery veneer to the sturdy, weather-beaten cottages. It would be a clear day. Across the bay, the Connecticut shoreline was gradually coming into view. At that moment a gentle breeze rippled over the water, rustling the tall grass on the bluff. Two gulls flew along the beach. Their irregular flight traced a lone set of footprints which marred the otherwise unruffled stretch of white sand.

Deirdre gazed wistfully out over the water. She often came here to sit. The wind had whipped her softly waved black hair away from her finely chiseled features. Enormous sapphire eyes contrasted sharply with the translucent ivory of her complexion. A misty pre-dawn chill had brought a faint blush to her cheeks. The effect was at once ethereal, faintly reminiscent of the fabled Irish heroine. However, unlike the original Deirdre, there was no King Conchobar. Only Naoise. In her life Naoise was allegorical of Greg.

In Old Field life moved uneventfully. Each year the summer residents appeared with the first spring weekend, and departed eagerly at the first sign of an autumn frost. Only a handful lived there all year round. These people took pride in their town. The streets were narrow and heavily shaded by the century old lindens—neat, white homes were set far back on well kept lawns. The houses overlooking the bay were smaller, less impressive. Their stained shingles had been weathered by years of sun, wind and water.

Deirdre had lived here by the bay all the twenty years of her life. Her home stood high on the bluff; it commanded a view of the entire shore. From the dormer in her bedroom, she had watched the rising and setting of the sun, the boats in the bay, the distant lighthouse and the seagulls in their search for food.

They had met two years previously. Greg and she. One chilly evening Deirdre went down to the beach to collect driftwood for a fire. About three-quarters of a mile down the beach an old boat had sunk. Consequently she went there for the wood. Darkness was fall-

ing, she started to hurry. As she scrambled over the rocks on the jetty a voice called out, "That you, Nancy?" Turning in the direction of the voice, Deirdre saw a boy standing on the beach beside the dying embers of a fire. His tanned frame took on a coppery appearance from the glow of the embers. As he stepped towards her, she saw that he was young, about twenty-three.

"Oh, I'm sorry", he said. "I thought you were my sister. She's been wandering along here."

"That's quite all right. I came over to the old boat for some driftwood. I'm Deirdre More, I live up on the bluff."

"I'm Greg Mallary. I'll walk down with you, maybe we'll see Nancy. I've never seen you before, but then I haven't had a chance to meet many people . . ."

These thoughts ran through Deirdre's mind as she sat there by the shore. Many other memories flitted by. Some happy, some sad. You can be sure that the most pleasant ones concerned Greg. At first their friendship had been casual. Some Saturday nights they ventured into Port Jefferson for a movie or into Freeport to Guy Lombardo's. However, they usually spent the evenings with the group in Jentz', playing Scrabble which was the current rage, or just plain talking. Many hours were consumed by their easy give-and-take conversations. World problems were settled, new glamour girls were discussed and baseball games were analyzed play by play. In all it was a good summer.

By now the sun had risen higher in the sky. It was almost seven o'clock. Deirdre shifted her position to shield her eyes from the glare of the sun upon the water. The beach was so peaceful at this hour. Everything appeared fresh and unspoiled. Even the sharp rocks of the jetty seemed softer. Saturday is a lazy day; most people sleep late—even in the country! Deirdre leaned back and allowed herself to be soothed by the tranquility of her surroundings.

A gull swooped low over her. His wings were outstretched; he was pure

white. How similar he is to the little dove we put on our Christmas tree, she thought! Great uncle brought that dove over from England. Hmmm. I remember so clearly the holidays following that summer. All the kids came over and helped to trim the tree. It was really a time to celebrate—Mark, my brother, was getting out of the Army. Judy was wearing Rick's frat pin. But best of all, I went to the Junior Prom with Greg. My dress was white and flowing. It was made with yards and yards of silk chiffon. Blue leaves were appliqued across the bodice and formed the single strap. A few were scattered over the skirt. Greg said that they matched my eyes. What a wonderful time we had! After a few days I went back to school, but how I looked forward to the Easter holidays.

A small sailboat was gliding across the bay. It was perhaps sixteen feet in length; the hull was painted a bright, fireman's red. The name—*Mary's Joy*—was barely discernible. It was Lawson's boat. Ned Lawson spotted Deirdre on the shore and waved. Mr. Lawson was very lonely since his wife died. He spent a great deal of time on the boat. Within a few minutes it passed from view.

Deirdre lapsed back into reverie. There were so many things to dream about, and so little time in which to do it. The day was getting hotter now as the rays of the sun increased in intensity. It reminded her of the times they had rented boats to go fishing. The recollection of one day was particularly vivid.

We started out early—it's always best to do that if you hope to catch any fish. When we left, the water was calm and the visibility was good. My mother had packed a lunch for us. She is all too familiar with youthful appetites. After all, I have six brothers. Shortly after noon, we paused to eat and to assuage the morning's efforts. We were so absorbed in conversation that neither of us noticed the graying sky or the now choppy water. Soon giant raindrops made us more mindful. Greg immediately set out for the dock. He had a very rough time. Water was lapping over the sides of the boat. The bottom started to fill up. We

barely reached the dock when the storm lashed out in full fury. That had been too close for comfort.

Everyone will be getting up soon, Deirdre pondered. I wonder if they'll miss me. I really don't care if they do. I need this time to myself. I must think. Greg and I have always come back here. This is where we first met. Part of the sunken ship is still jutting out of the water. How many times have we joked about that old wreck! The thing that brought us together. I wonder if we would have met anyhow? We'll never know. It must be getting late. I've been here for hours. I don't see any signs of life. I think I'll linger a while longer . . .

Deirdre straightened up and stretched the kinks out of her muscles. She ached from the long hours on the sand. The wind blew stronger and bent back the tall grass overhead. The sun hid behind a cloud. A flicker of amusement crossed her face. Oh, will I ever forget the day his Aunt Nora came to visit, she mused. That day was unhappy to begin with—it was so damp and chilly. As I recall I wore my beige linen with the coral cardigan thrown over my shoulders. That always looked crisp, especially with patent leather shoes. That aunt is certainly a chronic disapprover—so unlike the rest of his relatives. They're fortunate she's a special occasion one. And now today . . .

"Well, is this where the happy bride intends to spend her wedding day?"

"Oh, Greg, it's you. You're not supposed to see me! Not until we meet at the altar. It's bad luck."

"My soon-to-be Mrs. Mallary, when did you take up superstition?" There was a short pause. His voice softened. "I've been thinking about us too, honey. That's why I headed for here. There are so many people fussing around the house."

"Hmmm, what time is it, Greg?"

"Nine-forty. Time for you to be home before they sound a general alarm. Come on—I'll walk back with you . . ."

Slowly they strolled the length of the beach and up the steep stairs. The sun came out: it shone brightly on them. Two sets of footprints marked the sands where formerly there had been one . . .

MARY JOHNSON, '57

In travelling through Europe you frequently find yourself at a loss for words. Usually your French is rusty; you know no German and only a few words of Italian. Somehow you manage with bilingual phrases and the generous use of sign language. Once you get your idea across by using the little foreign vocabulary you know, the people become closer to you, and a possibility of shared experiences is increased.



One word which continually reappears as you seek directions is *eglise*, *chiesa*, *kirche*. When the other person realizes what you are seeking, frequently all barriers disappear for here is a basis of common belief centering about a liturgy and language known by all its adherents in all parts of the globe. In the countless churches all over Europe, your participation in the life of the Church reaffirms the unity binding the Catholics of the world. As you kneel praying to the same Father, Son, and Holy Ghost you finally understand the real ties which join all men are more than mere academic questions.

Being away from your home and family even on an enjoyable trip can make

you lonely and blue at times, but everywhere there is a sense of one Presence which makes you feel at home with a knowledge of belonging, whether kneeling in the sanctuary of age old cathedrals, damp and dark like the church in Arles or in brightly lighted modernistic churches as in Lucerne, or in tiny bare chapels as in Utrecht or ornate Renaissance structures like those in Florence. In some places the lush beauty of the church itself distracts you from the tabernacle, making it impossible for you to even notice it embellished by engraven and embossed statuary, covered with gold leaf, and surrounded by tapestry, but finally your eye locates the red glow of the sanctuary lamp leading to the tabernacle usually on a side altar, as the Eucharist is rarely enthroned on the main altar which may often be used only for the Sunday High Mass and for large feasts and celebrations. To the American used to streamlining, this ornamentation may be distasteful, but viewing it in the perspective of a variety of cultures it becomes more readily understandable.

Great shrines and cathedrals like Chartres, Cologne, Notre Dame, and Saint Peter's are frequently crowded with other American tourists, but then there are always those little churches in the smaller cities and towns, and even in the countryside which are no less beautiful just less crowded with the noisy, motley crew of visitors examining the art and architecture. Here you feel at home as you would in your own parish church; however, you are kneeling on hard wood or stone unlike the American foam rubber, but you are very close to the tabernacle. The Mass is familiar to you thanks to Latin which you have liberated in studying, but which is invaluable as a common bond to tear away the usual incommunion which exists.

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# Child Study: Science or Common Sense

JOAN COSTA, '57

"A Child Study major? Oh . . .". The connotations of that insignificant monosyllable are numerous and generally unfavorable. Child Study as a major field seems to be considered rather nebulous and insignificant by some. This is probably a result of a lack of understanding of the scope of the field as well as of its material. It is not a catchall for those students who feel incapable of success in some other field; it requires as much logical thinking and hard work as any other branch of study as well as more original thinking than many.

Child Study is a science, a definite body of organized knowledge. It is a vital field, for what could be more vital than the study of a living, human child in all his aspects, physical, mental, emotional and spiritual. Certainly, a science which gives us a deeper understanding and knowledge of the child, thus enabling us to aid in the full development of his God given capacities, is valuable indeed.

The knowledge which Child Study gives has been accused of being mere "common sense", things that "every mother knows". Even a cursory reading of any standard Child Psychology text book will quickly indicate that much of "what every mother knows" has been proven scientifically untrue by valid methods used unquestioningly in other sciences. Also, the scientific study of the child has brought to light innumerable complex interrelationships, which could never be evident to "common sense", but which open avenues of understanding into the motives and behavior of children and their parents.

Of course, the student does not obtain this scientific knowledge by osmosis. Some midnight oil must necessarily be burned. There are those who insist that "you never get any homework in Child Study". It is true that the day to day assignments and frequent quizzes which

are the normal routine in most departments are not as frequent in Child Study but there is another aspect to be considered. The assignments in Child Study are the long range type where the finished product need not be submitted for weeks or even months. Is this not a mature method which puts the burden of responsibility on the student? She must make herself do the work each day without any outside check. It is possible to cram things in at the last minute, do reports hurriedly and just about get by with them. But then, a student can just "get by" in any field with a bare minimum of effort expended. A project like a report on the personality development of a particular child requires weeks of careful observation coupled with original thinking and conclusions corroborated as far as possible by recognized authorities. This can be done superficially or with extreme care after hours of consideration. No one will admit more readily than a Child Study major that you only get as much out of the field as you put into it. This can be a tremendous amount or little more than its "common sense" value.

Another common impression is that Child Study majors must go directly from graduation into the nursery school or kindergarten classroom. Teaching is definitely one of the most worthwhile professions and a really good teacher of young children is invaluable however, a Child Study major is not limited in this respect. Her training has given her an excellent background for further study in education or psychology with the possibility of work in guidance, testing, clinical psychology or special teaching of the exceptional child.

The particular arrangement of the Child Study department at St. Joseph's allows the student to get the full benefit of a liberal arts education. The major-minor combinations are practically un-

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## Child Study

(Continued from page 29)

limited and the opportunities for taking electives are more numerous than in any other department offering pre-professional training. In fact, students in the department are urged to include a wide range of subjects in their programs.

Child Study is concerned with little people whose personalities will shape the future. It offers the student an opportunity to be instrumental in the full development of these personalities; it offers an intellectual challenge which can be met only by individual, enthusiastic, mental effort and plain hard work.

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## The Universal Church

(Continued from page 28)

Finally as you approach the Communion rail there are no barriers between you and the French shop girl, the Dutch school teacher, the Italian secretary, or the German waitress. You are all the same children of God, the most eloquent testimony for the universality of the Catholic Church.

In the still beauty of the Bavarian Alps you can walk to church with the sunrise framing the mountain peaks to the left and right; in Rome you can kneel in the four major basilicas to pray where thousands of pilgrims have knelt before you. On the shores of the Mediterranean you can pray in resort churches crowded with local vacationers. Sometimes you can hear Mass before altars centuries old as at Saint Mark's in Venice or in Cologne where the cathedral has withstood the devastation of the bombing all around it. Not far from the cathedral in Cologne you

can visit the modern chapel built to house a blackened statute of the Smiling Madonna, sole remainder of another church's destruction in war, a perfect fusion of the past and present growing out of the conflict. At Lisieux you can pray in a brand new basilica erected in 1954 to honor Saint Therese, while at Poitiers you can pray in a church created in the thirteenth century.

Of paramount importance in realizing the oneness of the Church as exemplified in your experiences two pictures stand out. One is kneeling before the Pope with travellers from France, Germany, Holland, and America cheering the Holy Father as he speaks to you and all the rest of his children. The other is the procession at Lourdes where you join with over 60,000 people marching in the rain on the eve of the Assumption, carrying your lighted candle that adds to the vast panoply of lights, singing the *Ave Maria* in the various national tongues, and finally all of you chanting the *Credo* in Latin. You kneel at Mary's shrine and watch the countless numbers who come seeking her help, grown men unashamed to drop to their knees like children, the crippled and maimed who brave the elements for one chance to plead with Mary, the various religious garbs of every country, the poor, the bands of Irish, the Polish and Italian groups, and then some jaunty Americans. It is an experience you will never forget, just as you will never forget any other part of your trip, the clear turquoise of the Mediterranean, the icebergs off Newfoundland, the masterpieces of Michaelangelo and Giotto, and the faith which binds you as an American to the Europeans, the faith of the universal Church which dissolves the tensions and misunderstandings that have driven a wedge between humanity in other fields of endeavor, the faith which makes all men brothers regardless of language, customs, or nationality.



William Blake in his introduction to "Songs of Innocence" wrote:

"And I made a rural pen  
And I strain'd the water clear  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear."

We on LORIA would like you to imagine that our December issue came into being in the same effortless manner described by Mr. Blake. Since we suspect that you are practical readers and would not be deceived for long, the truth might as well be told. This issue of LORIA involved hard work. The summer was long and many of us who planned to write a short story or do research for an article succumbed to procrastination. The Fall term found the editor's desk quite devoid of material. Joan Costa, our new editor-in-chief, soon cured our inertia, however, and LORIA finally made the deadline.

A new column for this issue resulted from the combined efforts of Bea Basili and Pat Gibbons. Their observations are interesting and original.

Sally Belmont crystalized her memories of the summer in her story SAND IN MY POCKETS. Summer romance is the theme.

After reading Byron, Shelley and Keats 'till they became, like the prof said, 'Byron, Kelley and Sheats' Carol Boasi decided to try her own hand at poetry. The result was REVERIE OF NIGHT published this issue.

There's always room for a good book no matter how crowded the schedule and Diana Bonetti's column offers some fine suggestions.

Some basic comments on the widely discussed Dead Sea Scrolls are made by Frances Bracken.

Anne Buckley's article TWENTIETH CENTURY UNICORN has captured the spirit of Ann Morrow Lindbergh's poetry and has shared with us some of its depth and vitality. Anne also contributed a poem of her own to this issue.

A man equally as famous in death as in life, George Bernard Shaw, is the subject of Brenda Buckley's THE CHAOTIC SHAW. In this article, Brenda presents her views on this controversial Man of Letters.

A delightful and sensitively written story by Peggy Connors graces the pages of LORIA in this issue.

Joan Costa, whose interest and hard work is well known to the LORIA staff seems to carry this vitality into her major field of study. Joan's article on child study reveals this.

Amusing but also frightfully realistic is Barbara Germack's account of her summer job. (All future teachers please note.)

A hard working staff member, Deloris Harrison, contributed both a story and a poem to the December issue.

Another product of the summer past is Pat Henry's poem OF SUMMER NIGHTS. It makes concrete what we have all experienced and felt.

Mary Johnson, who spent her summer in Europe, has shared some of her experiences with us in this issue. The reality of the Universal Church is gleaned from her article in a very personal way.

Emilia Longobardo's many school activities did not inhibit her artistic talents for in this issue Emilia has written the poem IDEAL.

Barbara Morrison has considered the thoughts of a great thinker on a subject of prime importance. G. K. Chesterton's comments on the dignity of woman are discussed by Barbara.

Virginia Mosca's poetry is always a welcome contribution. This issue contains a poem by Ginny and also a discussion of one of her favorite poets.

Anita La Femina's untiring work is again witnessed in this issue. Anita's frequent trips to the printer and her layout work make LORIA possible.

Although we have noted that this issue of LORIA entailed work on the part of all our contributors we, if we may again quote Blake, are happy that we have written "our songs" and hope that "every child may joy to hear" them.

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